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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS } By Post, 6½d.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HUNTING COSTUME.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

No death of so young a man has caused such widespread sorrow in the world of letters as that of Robert Louis Stevenson. There can be few men living who remember the death of Walter Scott as regards its influence on the public mind, but, numerous as were his admirers, they could have been as nothing—as regards mere numbers—compared with the millions of readers nowadays. The death of Dickens was felt in every English home where books were read at all, and by persons of all ages. I was one of a breakfast party in the country where the son of the house—little more than a lad—threw down the newspaper which had just arrived with that sad tidings, burst into tears, and left the room without a word. There is a vain attempt among “cultured” persons in the present day to belittle his vast genius, but he still stands in the opinion of his fellow-countrymen head and shoulders above everyone who in later years has held a pen. His influence has been greater than that of any other writer, not only upon men of letters, but upon the nation at large. I heard Thackeray once call him in a most reverent tone “the Jesus Christ of Literature”; and though the fashion of the times has altered, and there are no such direct appeals to charity and tenderness by our novelists as it was his mission to make, his lessons have not been lost upon us. If ever a man left the world better than he found it, it was Charles Dickens, and the world recognised the fact when it lost him. We may have other as earnest workers for the good of humanity, but “the wit that never couched its shining lance save in the cause of the weak and the poor” we shall never see again. The death of Tennyson ranks next to his—though at a great interval—in the widespread sorrow it occasioned. In him many lost their priest as well as their poet. But with the exception of Scott and Dickens and Tennyson, there is no one whose loss has been so widely deplored as that of Stevenson. And yet for the most part of his working life he was an exile and personally unknown, save to a few of his fellow-countrymen, and, as years are counted in the world of letters, still so young. In the admirable poem of “Captain Sword and Captain Pen” the former is made to say of his rival—

Let Captain Pen
Bring at his back a million men
And I'll talk with his wisdom—not till then.

Since those lines were written Captain Pen has brought his million and many more with him; hence it happens that so early and immense a popularity as that of Stevenson has been rendered possible.

It is curious how differently the deaths of popular authors affect the circulation of their works. Just at first, almost in all cases, it is increased: there is a general notion that there is but a certain number of remaining copies of his books, and that they will become more valuable since their author is no more; but after a while, in many instances, the sales of an author's works fall off, as though his readers felt they were no longer under an obligation to patronise their former favourite. While he lived it seemed like forsaking an old friend to cease to read him, but since he is dead such scruples are superfluous, and, indeed, the fact is that they were already getting a little tired of him. In other cases the author holds his own, becomes in time a classic, and his circulation is permanent. It is impossible to prophesy—or, at least, to prophesy right—as to which fate will attend a writer.

It is only of late years that, for the most part, men of letters have been able to choose their own places of residence. Ill or well, no Samoa would have been within their reach, and still less, had they got there, would they have been enabled to build so beautiful a home for themselves as it was the lot of Louis Stevenson to enjoy. In no respect has the calling of literature shown greater signs of improved prosperity than in this matter. If one is to believe the illustrated magazines and journals in which interviews with our living authors are described, they are housed in far other fashion than of old. If they have not, as the story-teller of Samoa described a room in his own house to me the other day, “the great 'All, windows by Vanderputty,” they have entrance-halls and libraries and studies, while the dwelling itself is of no mean dimensions, and often very picturesquely situated.

“Mine be a cot beside a rill” is an aspiration which even a minor poet would disdain to utter nowadays. This is surely the very coping-stone of the happiness of a calling—to live where we like, be lodged according to our own taste and fancy, and to do our work at home. It is granted to no others to do this save those who tread the flowery paths of letters. In old times they were not so flowery. Addison wrote his “Campaign” in a garret up three pairs of stairs in the Haymarket. At the same time, the few men of letters who were enabled by private means to do as they pleased as to the choice of a dwelling-place have shown how much they prized the privilege. Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, built him a magnificent house upon an island, with an observatory, and called it “The Castle of the Heavens.” Buffon composed in a tower he built in his garden, “whence his eye, resting on no

distracting object, never interrupted his meditations on nature.” Pope had a very good idea of making himself comfortable at home; and Shenstone attained the summit of what he called “rural elegance” in his garden. The influence of locality, however, upon men of letters, wherever they have been placed, has probably had little to do with the character of their compositions; indeed, from what I have known of the ways and works of modern authors, they have written their most rural scenes in town and their town episodes in the country; the fact being, I suppose, that the imagination is hindered rather than helped by the contemplation of reality, and that observation, with its immediate surroundings, is found to be less fertile and comprehensive than recollection.

In the new edition of “Debrett's Peerage” there is, I read, a note by the editor which curiously illustrates a well-known weakness of the female mind. He has been attempting, it seems, an innovation in publishing the ages of ladies of high degree as well as the gentlemen, and has been thus reproved by a Countess: “The Countess of — begs to inform Debrett as long as he puts the dates of ladies' births in his ‘Peerage’ she will never allow a copy of his work in her house, and this fact was also stated by a large number of her friends, who asserted at her table last evening that as soon as the proof-sheet is sent for correction it is committed to the fire.” This sort of denunciation does not, it is clear, emanate from “the New Woman” but from the old one—or, rather, the middle-aged; and how very foolish it is! “A woman,” we are told, “is as old as she looks,” and men are very well content to judge her by that standard. It is scarcely conceivable that any male person would have the curiosity to inquire further; and as to those of her own sex, it is only too probable that they would estimate the lady's age even higher than it really was, in which case Debrett's unimpeachable statement would be an advantage to her. What persons do these ladies of title wish to deceive, and for what purpose? What difference can a year or two—and we can all guess within a year or two—in their ages make to their friends or (what is more in their minds, perhaps) to their enemies? It would be rude to say “Who cares?”—whether they are thirty-two or thirty-four, for instance—but who inquires? Not the women who assert without mercy “She will never see forty again,” and most certainly not the men. When the ladies are still older, curiosity is even less keen as to how old they are; while if they are obviously still young no one wants to have any further corroboration on the matter.

St. Valentine brings us his gifts no more: he has disappeared as completely as last winter's snow—the jovial saint who until lately promised to be with us for ever. His departure was heralded by a period of apparent prosperity. For years and years he had left his cards upon us in reckless profusion: they loaded the post-carts and the mails and caused the letters to be delivered two and even three hours behind time. The housemaids and the children flattened their noses against the window-panes in expectation of their coming, and those to whom they came not thought themselves neglected. Presently valentines appeared in the shop-windows—neither cards, however, nor pictures, as heretofore, but presents. What had been purchased from a penny to a shilling now became very costly. St. Valentine ceased to be adored by the multitude, and got to be the patron saint of the rich. Then his doom was sealed. There is nothing so fickle as fashion, and after the cards went the presents. Let us hope that this is not going to be the case with our Christmas greetings, but the same symptom of decadence has begun. The Christmas Numbers—at least, in the shape in which Dickens created them—have disappeared. The cards, though more sumptuous and elaborate than ever, have greatly fallen off in number, while Christmas presents are much more common than they used to be. If it only lasts, this revolution is not to be regretted. The presents are not, as in the case of the valentines, restricted to the rich. In most households the servants receive their gifts as well as their masters. In each case something pleasant is said (or written on the article itself) to the recipient. For one day at least there is sympathy between classes that are but too often antagonistic. We are told upon the highest authority that “it is better to give than to receive,” but it is very pleasant—especially to those who are not used to it—to receive. There are not so many Christmas trees as there were, and consequently fewer conflagrations; but the faces in the servants' hall when the gifts are distributed are to my mind a brighter spectacle. The increase in Christmas presents is no doubt partly due to the establishment of the Parcels Post. There is less trouble in sending them away, and one may be a cheerful giver and yet very much object to trouble. In a large household there is nothing more pleasant than to watch the arrival of the hampers and the cases, and the faces of those who open them. The last post is hours behind time, of course, but the young people cannot be persuaded to go to bed while a hope of hearing the letter-box “go” or the bell peal with that frantic impatience only heard at Christmas time is to be entertained; and I must confess I sympathise with them. I say to myself, “Who knows? there may be something for me!”

If Lord Byron is to be believed—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.

Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look of death reveal'd!

This, unhappily, is not always the case, and it is certainly not so with the plaster casts that are taken from the faces of eminent persons after their decease. They may have the merit of accuracy as regards feature, but in all other respects they are but ghastly mementoes rather than likenesses of the departed. Mr. Laurence Hutton, of New York, at all events, has gone in for the masks and faces business in a very thorough and business-like fashion, and is entitled to the boast of possessing a greater number of the post-mortem likenesses of eminent persons than the Phrenological Museum. His account of how he began this collection is curious enough. The half-dozen casts on which it was based were found in a dust-bin in an old-fashioned street in New York. Their owner had died, and his unsympathetic heirs had probably thrown away “the horrible things,” which thus came into Mr. Hutton's possession very cheaply. His view is, since the casts in question are frequently described in the printed lectures of George Combe, that they were imported by some disciple of that phrenologist.

An idea of the extent and variety of Mr. Hutton's collection may be gathered from the fact that “it ranges from Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest of men, to Sambo, the lowest type of the American negro; from Oliver Cromwell to Henry Clay; from Buonaparte to Grant; from Pius IX. to Thomas Paine; from Ben Caunt, the prize-fighter, to Thomas Chalmers, the light of the Scottish pulpit.” The earliest mask is Dante's and the latest Edwin Booth's. There is a charmingly characteristic touch of the collector where, in writing of the famous casts in London, he tells us he has duplicates of all of them save that of James II., “who belongs, perhaps, to the criminal class.” Mr. Hutton's proofs of the genuineness of his masks are amusing; he has taken infinite pains to authenticate them, and has in most cases chapter and verse to give of how they reached his hands. “I am sure that mine is the actual death-mask of Aaron Burr, for instance, because I have the personal guarantee of the man who made the mould in 1836; I am positive of the identity of another cast, because I saw it made myself; and concerning still another there is no question, because I know the man who stole it!” He states that not one per cent. of the biographies of eminent persons refer to the taking of a mask, even though it has been done. In Sheridan's case, for example, Moore is silent on the subject, yet if any confidence is to be placed in the testimony of experts in the likenesses of existing portraits, Mr. Hutton has his death-mask. A similar statement may be made of Coleridge, but when the copy in our author's possession was discovered, all the family accepted it as genuine. “I recognised Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge once,” says Mr. Hutton, “in the corridor of a London club, by his wonderful resemblance in features, and in the shape of his head, to the mask of his grandfather.” If Mr. Ernest Coleridge has not himself been in a position to have his death-mask taken, he might reasonably bring an action for libel upon this statement, for anything more objectionable than the appearance of the poet in plaster-of-Paris it is difficult to imagine. “A plaster cast must,” we are told, “be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter [at all events, it does not], it cannot caricature.” Here I beg to differ. Nine-tenths of the “Portraits in Plaster” given to us in Mr. Hutton's interesting volume are terrible to look upon—

Sometimes in a dead man's face
To those who watch it more and more,
A likeness never seen before
Comes out to someone of his race,

says the poet, but it does not come out in the death-mask, unless the looks of the gentleman's relatives were what is called in Wiltshire “sinful ordinary.” Robespierre in this connection is perhaps the most presentable looking, (though his head must have gone through a terrible experience before it was “plastered”), and Dion Boucicault the worst. Not the least likeness to the man we knew remains. Now and then one comes upon a portrait slightly less ghastly than the rest, in which case it will probably be found to be a life-mask: this is very creditable to the courage and endurance of the originals, since thus, it seems, are life-masks taken: The patient, as one may call him, “reclines at an angle of thirty-five degrees. The hair and face are anointed with a little pure scented oil, and the plaster is laid carefully upon the nose, mouth, eyes, and forehead in such a way as to avoid disturbing the features; and this being set, the back of the head is pressed into a flat dish containing plaster, where it continues to recline as on a pillow. The plaster is then applied to the parts of the head still uncovered, and soon afterwards the moulds are hard enough in three pieces.” There is a good deal said just now against testimonials, but one's greatest enemy would hardly grudge one a life-mask.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

As a rule, the gorgeous and thoroughly English amusements comprehensively known as Christmas pantomimes are divided into three broad classes. They are either funny or fantastic or purely spectacular. Sir Augustus Harris, who, as his patrons will allow, never does things by halves or thirds, has managed this year to make his splendid pantomime, called "Dick Whittington and his Cat," an amalgamation of the very best features in recorded pantomime. What, for instance, could be more fantastic and poetical than the scene on Highgate Hill among the haymakers and the rustics, where Dick Whittington goes to sleep with his faithful Malkin by the milestone, is serenaded by all the lilies of the field, and dreams of the good fortune that is in store for him as the future Lord Mayor of London! What could be funnier and more appreciated by children than the military scene of the Cats' Camp, where King Cat and King Rat declare war on the grave subject of the Idle and the Industrious Apprentices, and the purely comic scenes in which the favourites Herbert Campbell, Dan Leno, and the Brothers Griffiths join forces; while in the matter of spectacle and the amalgamation of light, sparkle, and colour, there can be found on no stage in England at the present moment two scenes more magnificent, artistic, and costly than the one representing the Imperial Marriage and Feast of Lanterns at the Chinese Court, and the other illustrating a Lord Mayor's Show in the olden times. A little bird tells me that Sir Augustus intended originally to tell the story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and designed the Chinese scene to suit it, but, hearing that this subject would clash with the entertainment at another theatre, he harked back to Dick Whittington, and sent him and his cat to China instead of Morocco. Be this as it may, the Chinese scene, with its superb Alias-made embroidered dresses, its imitation of old Nankin pottery, and the last and newest application of the electric light, will be quoted not only as the finest pageant ever designed for Drury Lane, but a spectacle that it would be difficult to beat on any stage in the world.

Mr. Oscar Barrett has a charming taste, as all will own who are familiar with his celebrated series of Crystal Palace pantomimes, or who remember the delightful "Cinderella" at the Lyceum last year—a story-book fancy quite in accord with the artistic traditions of this celebrated theatre. Once more Mr. Oscar Barrett has joined hands with Mr. Horace Lennard, a writer of very graceful couplets and lyrics, and under the generic title of "Santa Claus," so dear to all children at this time of the year, they have ingeniously interwoven the stories of "Robin Hood and Maid Marian" with that of the "Babes in the Wood." Acting, and very good acting too, of its kind, is the main feature of the Lyceum "Santa Claus." The pretty babes of the Norfolk legend, as it is properly called, are delightfully played by Miss Kitty Loftus and Miss Rosie Leyton, whose distinct enunciation is highly to be commended. The scene of the children playing pranks in their bed-room is natural and in extremely good taste. The constant companion of the babes is that marvellous collie dog Tatters, played inimitably and pathetically by Mr. Charles Lauri, and I only hope that by this time the "cry of the children" has been heard, and that Santa Claus will restore poor Tatters to life, as well as his two faithful little companions. Miss Annie Schuberth, who has a beautiful voice, is the Robin Hood, and he has a charming and sympathetic Maid Marian in Miss Lillie Comyns. The children scream with delight over the Governess of Mr. Victor Stevens, and they never cease applauding the Fly, who in the sweet little person of Miss Geraldine Somerset dances so gracefully by the side of the Espinosas and Zanzfretta. Mr. William Rignold, an experienced actor, makes a very dignified and at the same time genial Santa Claus, and after the ceaseless repetition of the popular songs of the day elsewhere it is a relief to listen to Mr. Oscar Barrett's pretty and appropriate original music. I doubt if there will be many seats vacant at the Lyceum pantomime until the holidays are over and the children are packing up for school again.

It seems to be the fashion this year to break records of success. They have done it at Old Drury and they have certainly done it down at Olympia, where the superb stage has been utilised by Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy as has never been the case before. The entertainment is called "The Orient," but no mere words can convey an idea of the colour, grace, and movement that are seen in the successive pictures designed by this inventive stage-manager. In fact, the eye cannot possibly take in all that is presented on a stage over one hundred yards from wing to wing. Hundreds of ballet-girls seem literally to fly across this large stage; they run up and down monster staircases, they revolve on pedestals, they dance in sections, and the great effect comes when a large circle of coryphées is contrived by means of a pontoon thrown out in semicircle across the lake. This water, by-the-way, is of the greatest possible assistance, not only as a conveyer of sound but as a means for giving aquatic processions and tournaments in connection with what is going on upon the monster stage. I can conceive no greater pleasure than to be comfortably seated in the large theatre of Olympia after dinner, and to be lost in

dreamy imagination concerning the glories of Byzantium, the mysteries of pagan Africa, and the splendid pictures of Westminster and civic London in the olden time. Mr. Joseph Lyons promised on behalf of his fellow-directors that he would give the public something even better than "Venice" or "Constantinople," and he has kept his word. No capital in the wide world can provide the public with such a comprehensive entertainment as can be found at Olympia for the simple shilling.

The Crystal Palace pantomime, invented by Oscar Barrett and written by Horace Lennard, is on the subject of "Blue Beard." As is ever the case down at Sydenham, the entertainment is distinguished for its good taste, good music, and fanciful illustration. A great success has been made by Miss Sophie Harris, a handsome Australian actress with a lovely voice; and Mr. Lionel Rignold is a great popular favourite. The transformation scene is beautiful.

C. S.

MR. FREDERICK YORK POWELL.

The new Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford is a young Regius Professor, for he came into the world so lately as Jan. 14, 1850. He was born at Woburn Place, London, but his family is pure Welsh. Through his great-grandmother, an O'Neill, he has a dash of Irish blood, so he is doubly a Celt. His family came originally from Caerleon-on-Usk, and is kin to Powell of Dyffryn. His father, Frederick Powell, was a merchant; his

original. Shortly afterwards he met Vigfusson in London, and about 1876 began to work with him; they worked together till Vigfusson's death. Their first production was the history of the Old Northern Literature prefixed to the Sturlunga Saga; their Reading Book of Icelandic followed; then together they produced "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," the two great volumes of which appeared in 1883. Mr. York Powell is at present finishing "Origines Islandiæ," which they were working on, and which was in great part done at the time of Vigfusson's death.

Mr. Freeman, Mr. Powell's predecessor in the chair of Modern History, and Mr. York Powell were much together at Oxford. Mr. Freeman heartily approved of the younger historian's history-books for children, which are, indeed, at once so simple and so picturesque as to interest clever or dull children. Mr. York Powell is just now editing two of Mr. Freeman's posthumous books for Messrs. Macmillan. His first book was one of a series under the editorship of Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of Peterborough. This was "Early England up to the Norman Conquest," which is now in its eleventh edition.

Mr. Powell has been Civil Service Examiner at Oxford and Cambridge, Examiner for the Indian Civil Service, a delegate of the University Press, a curator of the Taylorian Institute. He was deputy to Freeman, and lectured in law at Christ Church and history at Trinity.

Mr. Powell's rooms at Christ Church look delightfully over Christ Church Meadows. In those rooms the *English Historical Review* was founded by Mr. R. L. Poole and Mr. York Powell. They asked Dr. Mandell Creighton to edit it, an invitation which he readily accepted. It is now edited by Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Poole. Mr. York Powell has contributed articles to it. He has written for the *Academy* for many years and for the *Manchester Guardian*. He has worked at Dante, and ballad literature is one of his beloved studies. He is very alert about modern literature, and his appreciation is as generous as it is sound. Like our lost Stevenson, he is "a true-blue Meredith person," and his affectionate admiration for George Meredith is one of his strongest preferences. Portraits of Meredith and Carlyle adorn his rooms.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS A SPORTSMAN.

Although Emperor William's experience as a sportsman cannot be considered nearly so extensive as that of the Austrian Emperor or the Prince of Wales, yet every now and then he makes an interlude in his heavy State duties such as that which our frontispiece illustrates. His Majesty is much more devoted to yachting than to shooting, two branches of sport which equally interest his uncle, the Prince of Wales. The variety of animals which the latter has shot in different parts of the globe once very much surprised and humbled a boastful American, who imagined his own shooting record was unique. The injury to the German Emperor's arm has not permitted him to become a great shot, but it has not affected his horsemanship, which is very graceful. In the saddle he looks as dignified as did his late father, the Emperor Frederick, whose figure, emphasised by his white uniform, made an unforgettable picture in the Queen's Jubilee procession.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.

His Highness Chama Rajendra Wadeir, Maharajah of Mysore, G.C.S.I., died of diphtheria on Dec. 28. The sad event occurred during his first visit to Lord Elgin at Calcutta, and has occasioned much sympathy. The Indian National Congress passed a vote of condolence in solemn silence. The province of Mysore was restored to the Maharajah in 1881 when he attained his majority. Its population has grown beyond five millions, while its revenue now exceeds £1,700,000. The Maharajah was enlightened in his rule, and was greatly attached to the British Government. He was created Grand Commander of the Star of India in 1884. The Queen has telegraphed her condolence with the Maharani, who shared with her husband a sincere interest in the solution of the problem of female education.

THE CALPE HUNT AT GIBRALTAR.

At the back of "the Rock," which, rising 1400 ft. high, frowns across the Straits between Spain and Morocco, and guards a bay, not so safe as might be wished against Atlantic gales, but convenient for British naval communication with our fleet in the Mediterranean, lies outside the North Gate of the fortress-town a narrow strip of level ground, connecting the mainland with the promontory of Gibraltar. Beyond the "Spanish Lines" is the "Cork Wood," a plantation of cork-trees, and here are foxes; and there is a garrison officers' pack of hounds, kennelled riders, just under the Rock. It is followed by many good civilians as well as Army men, and is styled "the Calpe Hunt"; for the Greeks and Romans called this ancient port of Phœnician traffic by the name of Calpe, long centuries before the Moor Tarik chose its "Gebel," or mountain, for the memorial of his exploits in the conquest of Spain. The Rock, the foxhounds, and the huntsmen are familiar to many English visitors; and so is the ruined Moorish building in the Cork Wood. Our Artist presents drawings of these objects and scenes for the instruction of a majority of readers who do not go to "Gib."

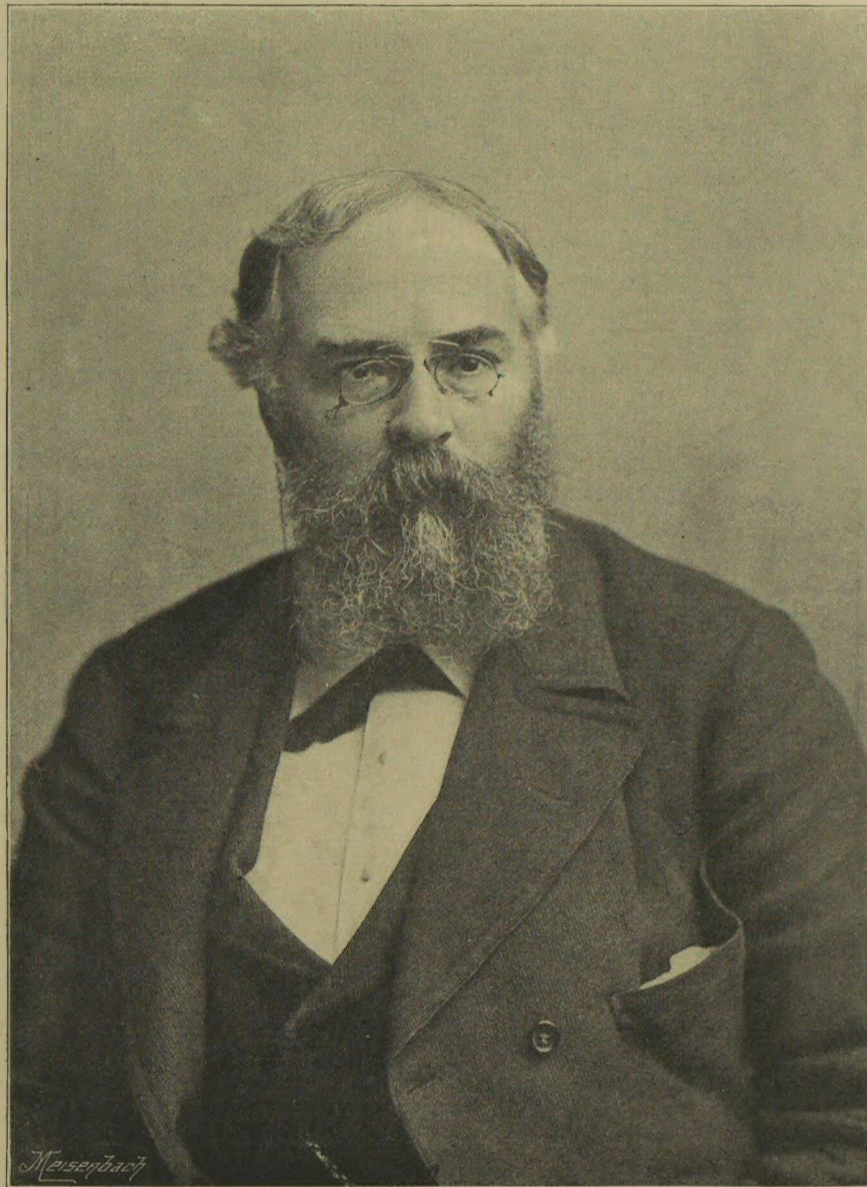


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

MR. FREDERICK YORK POWELL,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

mother, who still lives, is daughter of that Dr. James York who translated "Count Lucanor" from the Spanish.

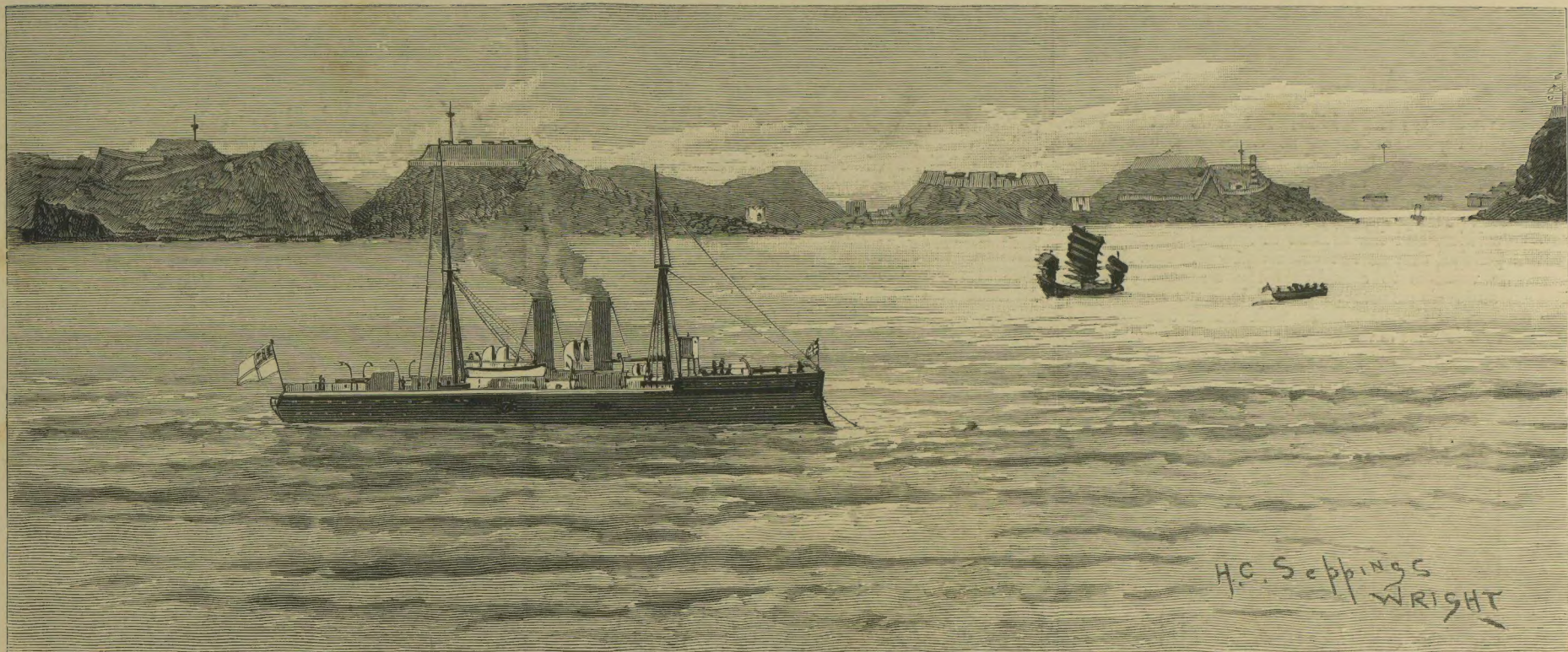
Mr. York Powell's childhood was spent between Walthamstow, Essex, and Sandgate, Kent. His first school was Mr. J. A. Murray's, at Hastings. From that he went to Furness's, of Rugby, passing thence into Rugby School. He was in Blake's House while Temple was Head Master, and among his masters at Rugby were Moberly, Scott, and Arthur Sidgwick. At Rugby he first acquired the taste for Icelandic literature. He read all through Dasent's "Saga of Burnt Njal" on the counter of Billington's bookshop, and afterwards bought the volume. Mr. York Powell later had for tutor Rhoades, the brother-in-law of that Walter Ferrier of whom Stevenson wrote in "Memories and Portraits" one of the most lucid and tender passages of prose in English literature. Ferrier was a friend of Mr. York Powell, as well as of Henley and Stevenson, and he too witnessed something of that "fight as for a kingdom" of Ferrier's later days. Those tutoring days were spent in the Isle of Wight, where the future Professor had an ideal time, bathing and boating in the Solent between the intervals of reading.

At twelve years of age the new Professor went to Paris, where he spent six winters. He went up to Oxford in 1868, remained unattached for a year, and then to Christ Church, his connection with which has been since unbroken. He took a first in Law and History in 1872. Two years later he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

The years in Paris made Mr. Powell an accomplished French linguist. He had also acquired some Spanish. But the bent of his studies was most influenced by that reading of "Burnt Njal." His next excursion into the Icelandic Sagas was to read the Orkney Saga in the



A WINTER GALE ON THE GOODWINS.



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: APPROACH TO THE CHINESE NAVAL ARSENAL AT PORT ARTHUR, TAKEN BY THE JAPANESE NOVEMBER 21, 1894.

From a Sketch by J. J. A. Sloan, Staff-Paymaster H.M.S. "Crescent."

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Some interesting details are to hand from a correspondent relating to the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese. Owing to the absence of the Chinese men-of-war there was no naval engagement. The forts fired on the Japanese war-ships, which do not appear to have received any damage, and there was an attack by torpedo-boats at the finish. Port Arthur was visited by H.M.S. *Crescent* on Nov. 11, and some of the officers on board had an opportunity of conversing with the local mandarin, who appeared greatly confident of his ability to withstand a Japanese attack, and his Chinese aide-de-camp (who spoke English

fluently) assured them they had 20,000 troops present, and that the fortifications on the land side were equally as formidable as those facing the sea-front. The dockyard was apparently destitute of workmen, the whole place being turned into barracks. The soldiery seemed a rough, uncouth set, and their superiors held them in such poor estimation that they insisted on the British officers accepting the protection of a guard, though the distance to the boat (scarcely a quarter of a mile) lay through Government property. They were armed with at least three different pattern rifles, and there was a considerable contingent of cavalry present, mounted on small shaggy Tartar ponies. The above Illustration represents the southern

approach to the port, that commanding the northern side being equally formidable. The dockyard, comprising a large tidal basin, dry dock 385 ft. long, smithery, foundry, coppersmith's, fitting, and other shops, lies well back behind the signal-bluff on the right hand side of the entrance. Contact mines were laid down here in the deep-water channel, several of them, not being properly adjusted for depth, showing above the surface. It is customary to keep a stock of some 4000 tons of coal in store for the use of the Pei-Yang, or Northern Squadron. As a base for future operations the possession of Port Arthur will be invaluable to the Japanese, commanding as it does the whole of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li.

Princess Jaya Lukshammannee.
Princess Cheluvajammannee.Krishna Raj Wadayer Bahadur, Maharajah of Mysore.
Kunttee Narsa Raj Wadayer Bahadur.

Princess Krishnajammannee.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, G.C.S.I., AND HIS FAMILY.

Photo by C. G. Brown, Bangalore.

PERSONAL.

In some ways the most striking feature of the New Year Honours List is the distinction conferred on Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The Right Honourable Cecil Rhodes is now a member of the Privy Council, and technically one of the advisers of the Queen. He has no sort of control over imperial affairs by reason of this new appointment, which is of a purely honorary kind; but it is a significant recognition of his eminence as a Colonial statesman. Mr. Rhodes is not by birth a colonist. He comes of Lincolnshire stock, and went out to Africa to seek his fortune not many years ago. His rise has been remarkable. His personality is easily dominant in South African politics, and his dreams of Empire are not such stuff as political dreams are often made of. Mr. Rhodes has done wonders to consolidate the strength of Cape Colony, and he is naturally regarded by Lord Rosebery as a statesman of the first rank, with whom the Imperial Government is wise to take counsel.

Sir George Newnes has received the baronetcy which was simply postponed from the preceding list of honours.

at University College, London. As Professor in the Westminster and University College Hospitals he has attained great distinction, and since 1878 he has been Physician to the Queen's Household. Sir Russell Reynolds has written a number of medical works and a novel, published anonymously, the joint effort of himself and his brother, Dr. Henry R. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College. It is noteworthy that two other medical men of eminence, Dr. Benjamin Richardson and Sir Henry Thompson, preceded Dr. Conan Doyle in the field of fiction.

Sir John Eric Erichsen was born in 1818, and is best known for several works on physiology and surgery—notably, "The Science and Art of Surgery," which has been translated into German, Spanish, Italian, and even Chinese. Sir John Erichsen was the unsuccessful Liberal candidate for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in 1885.

One of the new Knights is Dr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, the distinguished composer of many charming works, including the opera "Colomba" and "The Troubadour." Sir Alexander Mackenzie is the son of a

a great commotion at home and abroad. It was nothing less than a threat to the Sublime Porte, and the Sublime Porte knows by bitter experience that Mr. Gladstone's threats have a way of converting themselves into facts. Much depends on the result of the inquiry into the alleged outrages in Armenia. The composition of the Commission is still in doubt, and it is not quite clear how far the investigation will be supervised by the representatives of the Powers. There is some grumbling at this interference by enthusiastic friends of the Turks, who forget that by the Treaty of Berlin the Sultan is bound not to misgovern the Armenian Christians, and that the neglect of this obligation demands the serious attention of the other signatories to the Treaty. Mr. Gladstone's impressive statement of the issue is declared by the *Times* to represent the preponderant opinion of the British people. Unless the Turk is hopelessly incapable of profiting by the lessons of adversity, he will not provoke the old lion of Hawarden to extremities.

A salvo of applause, lasting forty seconds by the clock, rewarded Sir Joseph Barnby's pluck in appearing so soon



Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES, P.C.,
Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

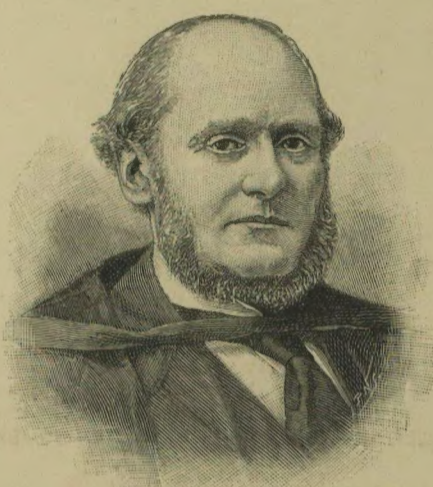


Photo by Lou'ardi.
SIR J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, BART.,
President of the Royal College of Physicians.

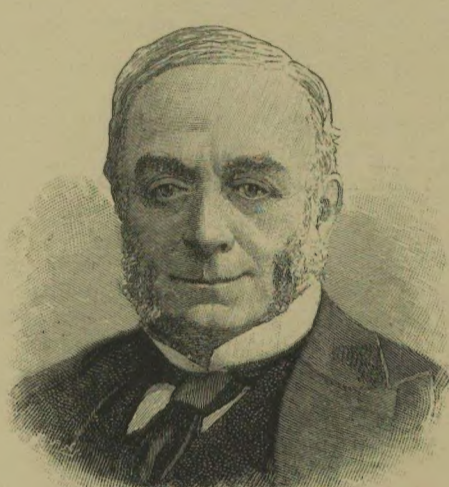


Photo by Melhuish.
SIR JOHN ERIC ERICHSEN, BART.,
Formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons.



SIR CHARLES SCOTTER, KT.,
General Manager London and South-Western Railway.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
SIR JOHN BARRAN, BART., M.P.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART., M.P.

NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.

Few men are better known to the world than the founder and proprietor of *Tit-Bits*, which enjoys an enormous circulation quite unaffected by the success of other publications of the same class. Sir George Newnes, we believe, still writes the "Answers to Correspondents," which make him the guide, philosopher, and friend to an enormous multitude. The new Baronet, who is only in his forty-fourth year, is also proprietor of the *Westminster Gazette*, which he established to fill the gap made by the transfer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the Conservative interest. Since 1885 Sir George Newnes has sat in Parliament for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire, and is a steady supporter of the present Government.

Sir John Barran has received his baronetcy late in life, for he is seventy-four years of age. He is a manufacturing clothier at Leeds, and has represented Leeds and Otley in Parliament since 1876. His factories at Leeds are evidence of a commercial enterprise which has few, if any, superiors in this business, and which sprang from very small beginnings. They supply not only our own Government, but also several foreign Governments with clothing, which is produced on the scale of several thousand suits a day. Sir John Barran has been Mayor of Leeds and President of the local Chamber of Commerce, and he has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest Yorkshiremen. Throughout his political life he has been the devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone.

Among the baronets are the present President of the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Russell Reynolds, and Sir John Eric Erichsen, Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Sir Russell Reynolds was born in 1828, educated

musician of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1847. In 1888 he succeeded the late Sir George Macfarren as Director of the Royal Academy of Music, and he enjoys in that capacity a wide and well-deserved popularity.

Sir Charles Scotter, who has also received a knighthood, is the General Manager of the London and South-Western Railway. He was in early life a journalist at Hull, but his special aptitude for business, and especially for organisation, found an opening in the railway world originally in connection with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company. In his present position Sir Charles Scotter is best known for his services to the port of Southampton. He belongs to a very distinguished class of organisers, who have given to railway enterprise some of the most capable men in that branch of commerce.

The friends of Dr. Richard Garnett are rejoicing to find his name in the Honours List. He has been made a C.B., by no means an extravagant acknowledgment of his public services as Keeper of the Printed Books Department of the British Museum. Dr. Garnett is known, however, far beyond that important sphere. He is one of the most versatile of our men of letters—a charming story-teller, an excellent critic, an appreciative biographer, a faithful translator. His biographies of Carlyle and Emerson and his translations of Heine are among his numerous claims to distinction. There are, indeed, few branches of literature which he has not adorned.

Mr. Gladstone's devotion to the relaxations of retirement from public life has not abated his natural fires. His speech at Hawarden to the Armenian deputation has caused

after his illness to conduct the "Messiah" performance at the Albert Hall on Jan. 1. The soloists differed in every case from those who sang for the Royal Choral Society last New Year's Day. Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley made an admirable cast. The choir was at its best, showing in this way their delight at their conductor's return.

Mr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.R.C.S., with whom an interview appeared in our last issue, writes correcting some inaccuracies. He says that the debts which the fishermen accumulate have weighed very heavily on the merchants of St. John's. They would long ago have abolished the hateful truck system, inherited, not created, by them, but for their long enforced idleness during the winter. The fishermen visiting Labrador do not want for food in summer, though now many are face to face with starvation. The revenue officer is always a magistrate, and now the doctor on the mail-steamer is also. In summer all sections of the Church are represented in Labrador by travelling agents. Two excellent Church of England missions only closed three years ago for want of men. Two Methodist missions now exist. Loss of life is comparatively rare, and though vessels are unsurveyed and badly overcrowded, at present no alternative exists for the people but to go to Labrador. The length of coast now fished is 700 miles, and the Government steamer makes a round trip at the end of the season to prevent any being left to starve. The Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen has left a medical missionary at one of the two hospitals built by their St. John's Committee, and has every intention of carrying on the work.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen spent Christmas quietly at Osborne. A series of *tableaux vivants* was given on the last day of 1894, in the Indian Room, in the presence of her Majesty and a number of invited guests. The Queen's New Year gifts to the Windsor poor consisted of 3671 lb. of beef and 67 tons of coal.

The Prince of Wales and his daughters are at Sandringham, where several guests, including the Prime Minister, have joined them. The Duke and Duchess of York will probably return to town within the next week. The Princess of Wales is expected to remain with her sister in Russia for three weeks longer.

The New Year honours include the appointment of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes to be a member of the Privy Council; baronetcies for Mr. George Newnes, M.P., Mr. J. Barran, M.P., Dr. J. Russell Reynolds, and Mr. J. Eric Erichsen; knighthoods for Mr. J. Baker, M.P., Mr. E. R. Pearce Edgcombe, Mr. Israel Hart, Mr. J. Jackson, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Charles Scotter, Mr. J. T. Woodhouse, the Hon. John Macintyre, and Mr. J. T. Hutchinson; and various other promotions and appointments. Further allusion to the subject is made in another part of this issue.

The new President of the India Office Medical Board is Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Hooper, in succession to Sir J. Payrer, retired.

Lord Randolph Churchill is still lying in a serious condition, although conscious and able to converse with members of his family. Inquiries from "all sorts and conditions of men" have been received. The symptoms of general paralysis remain.

The two candidates for South Worcestershire, the seat in Parliament vacated by the death of Sir E. Lechmere, are now set in battle array. The Conservatives have chosen Colonel C. W. Long, of Severn Bank, who is a J.P. for the county and a member of the Upton-on-Severn Board of Guardians. He pledges himself to carry forward the Market Gardeners' Compensation Bill, in which legislation the constituency is specially interested. The Liberal party have Mr. Frederick Impey as their champion. He has previously gone through the throes of a political contest, and is well known in Midland society. He claims to be the author of the phrase "Three acres and a cow," which was a war-cry some years ago. Considering the importance of a catchword in an election, it would not be surprising if Mr. Impey succeeded in decreasing the Conservative majority.

Those interesting functions at the Royal Institution quaintly entitled "Christmas Lectures for the Young" are on Electricity. The lecturer is Professor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., a man who has the power of making his theme lucid to even the youngest of his audience. Of course the main attraction is the experiments which illustrate his remarks, and these are "thrilling" enough for the most eager schoolboy.

Mr. Gladstone spent Christmas quietly at Hawarden Castle, surrounded by most of the members of his family. He was busy sampling a large number of new books which had arrived from London. His improved eyesight permits him to read for eight or nine hours daily. He celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on Dec. 29, one feature of the day's events being the arrival of a deputation of Armenians from Paris and London, escorted by Mr. Francis Stevenson, M.P. A chalice, with an inscription recording the gratitude of Armenians towards the ex-Premier, was presented to the Rector of Hawarden, and afterwards Mr. Gladstone spoke for twenty minutes in the vestry. The room at the old church of St. Deniol's is not very large nor notable, but from it has gone forth a stirring speech which has been cabled all over the world. Mr. Gladstone was seated during its delivery, and at first his note was cautious and full of reverie; soon, however, it grew insistent, at the recollection of the Bulgarian atrocities, and towards the conclusion he emphatically demanded that the Sultan should be "brought to his senses." Telegrams of birthday congratulations from crowned heads, statesmen of all politics, and private friends

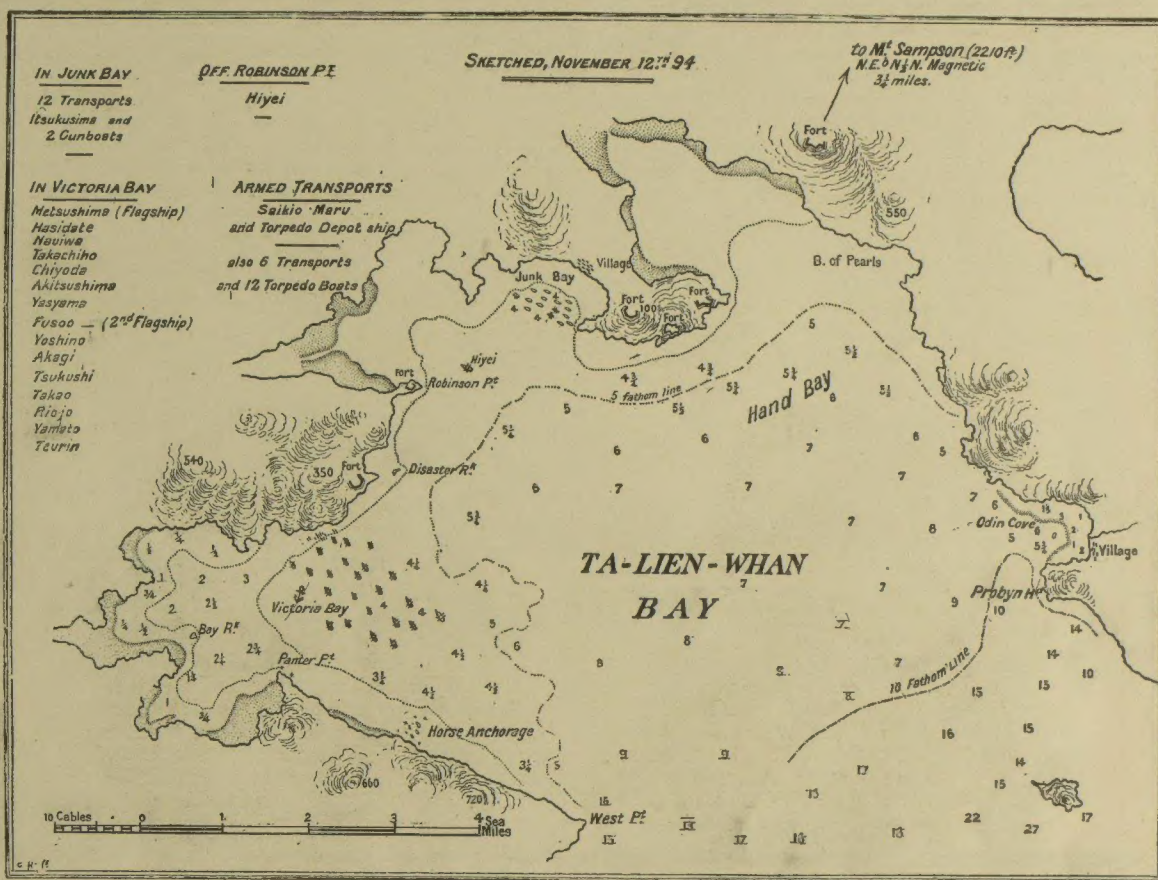
try and purge the game from professionalism. A sub-committee has been appointed to redraft the professional, insurance, and transfer laws of the Union, and amateurs will have to be on their mettle, according to Mr. W. Cail, when the new rules are submitted.

Already £800 has been subscribed for the purchase of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

In Russia Field-Marshal Gourko has been making several farewell speeches, pleading, curiously enough, for

Commission, is being demanded. A Bill to the effect that the Government should guarantee 80 per cent. of Union Bank notes and 20 per cent. of Commercial Bank notes, has been passed by the House of Assembly, and will probably be sanctioned by the Governor. The Legislative Council has already sanctioned the Bill as regards the Commercial Bank.

The death of the ex-King Francis II. of Naples has occasioned hardly any interest; the funeral was appointed to take place on Jan. 3. "Bombalina" had accepted the



PLAN OF TA-LIEN-WHAN BAY, CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE ON NOVEMBER 5, 1894.

Sketch by Mr. Loftus C. O. Mansergh, H.M.S. "Undaunted."

subscriptions to build a Russian Orthodox Cathedral in Warsaw. The Czar has conferred the privileges of the Old Guard on both the Grenadier regiments of which the German and Austrian Emperors are honorary colonels. It is pleasant to read that he arranged for a Christmas tree on Dec. 25, to please the Czarina and remind her of happy festivals in Darmstadt.

The *Blenheim* arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Jan. 1, bearing the remains of the late Sir John Thompson, who was accorded a public funeral on Jan. 3.

The Indian National Congress is meeting in Madras, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred Webb, M.P., an Irish member, who is a Quaker and a man of literary attainments. A resolution protesting against the imposition of excise duty on cottons manufactured in British India was carried. This question is exciting great interest, and the Viceroy spoke on the subject of the Bill at the Legislative Council on Dec. 27.

Two important supersessions were announced on the last day of 1894. The chief command of all the Chinese forces has been given to Liu-kun-yi, formerly Viceroy of Nankin; the kingdom has now, in Scriptural phrase, departed from the veteran Li-Hung-Chang, who, with Prince Kung, becomes subordinate to the new commander.

situation with dignity, and there is a certain pathos about the fallen fortunes of his House.

The deadlock in Hungarian politics continues. It is expected that the Emperor will ask Count Khuen Hedervary to form a new Ministry.

The reign of "Tammany Hall" seems to have received in New York a real check. Mr. W. L. Strong commenced his duties as Mayor of the city on Jan. 1, and his name is a good augury for a continuance of a campaign directed against the cliques who have hitherto been engineering the politics. Superintendent Byrnes has offered his resignation to the Mayor, as a sequel to the report of the Lexow Committee, which has disclosed the unsatisfactory condition of the police force. Many proofs of corruption and bribery have been adduced, and Superintendent Byrnes is in favour of a thorough overhauling of the force. Mr. John Burns concludes his visit to the United States on Jan. 5.

THE TAKING OF TA-LIEN-WHAN.

It seems like ancient history to refer to the subject of the Illustrations on this page. They represent an important event in the Korean War—the taking of Ta-lien-whan Bay by the Japanese. This occurred on Nov. 5, 1894, an



TA-LIEN-WHAN BAY, WITH THE JAPANESE FLEET.

Sketch by Mr. Loftus C. O. Mansergh, H.M.S. "Undaunted."

innumerable congested the little post-office at Hawarden all day. The Prince of Wales sent a particularly kind message to Mr. Gladstone.

The Rugby Football Union is wisely setting its house in order. It adopted, on Dec. 28, a circular on the suppression of professionalism, which has rapidly increased, to the detriment of the true spirit of the game. The meeting which discussed the matter at the Cannon Street Hotel was extremely lively. Mr. Rowland Hill said that the committee wanted to get every club on the amateur side to

The French Cabinet has, in like manner, removed M. de Lanessan from the Governor-Generalship of French Indo-China, and appointed M. Armand Rousseau to succeed him. The latter had held the post since 1891. M. Rousseau is forty-nine years of age, and has been Under-Secretary for Public Works, and Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

The financial situation in Newfoundland is very serious, though the ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool disclaims some part of the picture of ruin which a *Times* correspondent drew. That supposed panacea for most ills, a Royal

appropriate date for such an achievement. Ta-lien-whan was defended by 3000 infantry and 180 cavalry, but the Chinese forces acted with great cowardice, flying like sheep towards Port Arthur. The Japanese attacked Ta-lien-whan from the land side, and their losses only numbered ten killed and wounded. Marshal Oyama had, therefore, a complete and easy success, rather to his own surprise, as the defensive works were extensive. The first division of his army captured Kinchow, and to the second division fell Ta-lien-whan.



"THE SONG THAT REACHED MY HEART."



EVE'S RANSOM

BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

"What do you mean by your insulting talk, then? I spoke to you civilly."

"And I answered as I thought fit."

The respectable citizen sat with his hands on his knees, and scrutinised the other's sallow features.

"You've been drinking, I can see. I had something to say to you, but I'd better leave it for another time."

Hilliard flashed a look of scorn, and said sternly—

"I am as sober as you are."

"Then just give me civil answers to civil questions."

"Questions? What right have you to question me?"

"It's for your own advantage. You called me scoundrel. What did you mean by that?"

"That's the name I give to fellows who go bankrupt to get rid of their debts."

"Is it!" said Dengate, with a superior smile. "That only shows how little you know of the world, my lad. You got it from your father, I daresay; he had a rough way of talking."

"A disagreeable habit of telling the truth."

"I know all about it. Your father wasn't a man of business, and couldn't see things from the business point of view. Now, what I just want to say to you is this: there's all the difference in the world between commercial failure and rascality. If you go down to Liverpool, and ask men of credit for their opinion about Charles Edward Dengate, you'll have a lesson that would profit you. I can see you're one of the young chaps who think a precious

"You'll come to a bad end, my lad."

"Hardly. It's unlikely that I shall ever be rich."

"Oh! you're one of that sort, are you? I've come across Socialistic fellows. But look here. I'm talking civilly, and I say again it's for your advantage. I had a respect for your father, and I liked your brother—I'm sorry to hear he's dead."

"Please keep your sorrow to yourself."

"All right, all right! I understand you're a draughtsman at Kenn and Bodditch's?"

"I daresay you are capable of understanding that."

Hilliard planted his elbow in the window of the carriage, and propped his cheek on his hand.

"Yes; and a few other things," rejoined the well-dressed man. "How to make money, for instance.—Well, haven't you any insult ready?"

The other looked out at a row of flaring chimneys, which the train was rushing past: he kept silence.

"Go down to Liverpool," pursued Dengate, "and make inquiries about me. You'll find I have as good a reputation as any man living."

He laboured this point. It was evident that he seriously desired to establish his probity and importance in the young man's eyes. Nor did anything in his look or speech conflict with such claims. He had hard, but not disagreeable, features, and gave proof of an easy temper.

"Paying one's debts," said Hilliard, "is fatal to reputation."

ON the station platform at Dudley Port, in the dusk of a February afternoon, half-a-dozen people waited for the train to Birmingham. A south-west wind had loaded the air with moisture, which dripped at moments, thinly and sluggishly, from a featureless sky. The lamps, just lighted, cast upon wet wood and metal a pale yellow shimmer; voices sounded with peculiar clearness; so did the rumble of a porter's barrow laden with luggage. From a foundry hard by came the muffled, rhythmic thunder of mighty blows; this and the long note of an engine-whistle wailing far off seemed to intensify the stillness of the air as gloomy day passed into gloomier night.

In clear daylight the high, uncovered platform would have offered an outlook over the surrounding country, but at this hour no horizon was discernible. Buildings near at hand, rude masses of grimy brick, stood out against a grey confused background; among them rose a turret which vomited crimson flame. This fierce, infernal glare seemed to lack the irradiating quality of earthly fires; with hard, though fluctuating outline, it leapt towards the kindred night, and diffused a blotchy blackness. In the opposite direction, over towards Dudley Town, appeared spots of lurid glow. But on the scarred and barren plain which extends to Birmingham there had settled so thick an obscurity, vapours from above blending with earthly reek, that all the beacons of fiery toil were wrapped and hidden.

Of the waiting travellers, two kept apart from the rest, facing this way and that, but independently of each other. They were men of dissimilar appearance: the one comfortably and expensively dressed, his age about fifty, his visage bearing the stamp of commerce; the other, younger by more than twenty years, habited in a way which made it difficult to ascertain his social standing, and looking about him with eyes suggestive of anything but prudence or content. Now and then they exchanged a glance: he of the high hat and caped ulster betrayed an interest in the younger man, who, in his turn, took occasion to observe the other from a distance, with show of dubious recognition.

The trill of an electric signal, followed by a clanging bell, brought them both to a pause, and they stood only two or three yards apart. Presently a light flashed through the thickening dusk; there was roaring, grinding, creaking, and a final yell of brake-tortured wheels. Making at once for the nearest third-class carriage, the man in the seedy overcoat sprang to a place, and threw himself carelessly back; a moment, and he was followed by the second passenger, who seated himself on the opposite side of the compartment. Once more they looked at each other, but without change of countenance.

Tickets were collected, for there would be no stoppage before Birmingham: then the door slammed, and the two men were alone together.

Two or three minutes after the train had started, the elder man leaned forward, moved slightly, and spoke.

"Excuse me, I think your name must be Hilliard."

"What then?" was the brusque reply.

"You don't remember me?"

"Scoundrels are common enough," returned the other, crossing his legs, "but I remember you for all that."

The insult was thrown out with a peculiarly reckless air; it astounded the hearer, who sat for an instant with staring eyes and lips apart; then the blood rushed to his cheeks.

"If I hadn't just about twice your muscle, my lad," he answered angrily, "I'd make you repent that, and be more careful with your tongue in future. Now, mind what you say! We've a quiet quarter of an hour before us, and I might alter my mind."

The young man laughed contemptuously. He was tall, but slightly built, and had delicate hands.

"So you've turned out a blackguard, have you?" pursued his companion, whose name was Dengate. "I heard something about that."

"From whom?"

"You drink, I am told. I suppose that's your condition now."

"Well, no; not just now," answered Hilliard. He spoke the language of an educated man, but with a trace of the Midland accent. Dengate's speech had less refinement.

deal of themselves; I'm often coming across them nowadays, and I generally give them a piece of my mind."

Hilliard smiled.

"If you gave them the whole, it would be no great generosity."

"Eh? Yes, I see you've had a glass or two, and it makes you witty. But wait a bit. I was devilish near thrashing you a few minutes ago; I sha'n't do it, say what you like. I don't like vulgar rows."

"No more do I," remarked Hilliard; "and I haven't fought since I was a boy. But for your own satisfaction, I can tell you it's a wise resolve not to interfere with me. The temptation to rid the world of one such man as you might prove too strong."

There was a force of meaning in these words, quietly as they were uttered, which impressed the listener.

"You use words you don't understand. There's no such thing as a debt, except what's recognised by the laws."

"I shouldn't wonder if you think of going into Parliament. You are just the man to make laws."

"Well, who knows? What I want you to understand is, that if your father were alive at this moment, I shouldn't admit that he had claim upon me for one penny."

"It was because I understood it already that I called you a scoundrel."

"Now be careful, my lad," exclaimed Dengate, as again he winced under the epithet. "My temper may get the better of me, and I should be sorry for it. I got into this carriage with you (of course I had a first-class ticket) because I wanted to form an opinion of your character. I've been told you drink, and I see that you do, and I'm sorry for it. You'll be losing your place before long, and



"Excuse me, I think your name must be Hilliard."

you'll go down. Now look here; you've called me foul names, and you've done your best to rile me. Now I'm going to make you ashamed of yourself."

Hilliard fixed the speaker with his scornful eyes; the last words had moved him to curiosity.

"I can excuse a good deal in a man with an empty pocket," pursued the other. "I've been there myself; I know how it makes you feel—how much do you earn, by the bye?"

"Mind your own business."

"All right. I suppose it's about two pounds a week. Would you like to know what *my* income is? Well, something like two pounds an hour, reckoning eight hours as the working day. There's a difference, isn't there? It comes of minding my business, you see. You'll never make anything like it; you find it easier to abuse people who work than to work yourself. Now if you go down to Liverpool, and ask how I got to my present position, you'll find it's the result of hard and honest work. Understand that: honest work."

"And forgetting to pay your debts," threw in the young man.

"It's eight years since I owed any man a penny. The people I *did* owe money to were sensible men of business—all except your father, and he never could see things in the right light. I went through the bankruptcy court, and I made arrangements that satisfied my creditors. I should have satisfied your father too, only he died."

"You paid tuppence ha'penny in the pound."

"No, it was five shillings, and my creditors—sensible men of business—were satisfied. Now look here. I owed your father four hundred and thirty-six pounds, but he didn't rank as an ordinary creditor, and if I had paid him after my bankruptcy it would have been just because I felt a respect for him—not because he had any legal claim. I *meant* to pay him—understand that."

Hilliard smiled. Just then a block signal caused the train to slacken speed. Darkness had fallen, and lights glimmered from some cottages by the line.

"You don't believe me," added Dengate.

"I don't."

The prosperous man bit his lower lip, and sat gazing at the lamp in the carriage. The train came to a standstill; there was no sound but the throbbing of the engine.

"Well, listen to me," Dengate resumed.

"You're turning out badly, and any money you get you're pretty sure to make a bad use of. But"—he assumed an air of great solemnity—"all the same—now listen—"

"I'm listening."

"Just to show you the kind of man I am, and to make you feel ashamed of yourself, I'm going to pay you the money."

For a few seconds there was unbroken stillness. The men gazed at each other, Dengate superbly triumphant, Hilliard incredulous but betraying excitement.

"I'm going to pay you four hundred and thirty-six pounds," Dengate repeated. "No less and no more. It isn't a legal debt, so I shall pay no interest. But go with me when we get to Birmingham, and you shall have my cheque for four hundred and thirty-six pounds."

The train began to move on. Hilliard had uncrossed his legs, and sat bending forward, his eyes on vacancy.

"Does that alter your opinion of me?" asked the other.

"I shan't believe it till I have cashed the cheque."

"You're one of those young fellows who think so much of themselves they've no good opinion to spare for anyone else. And what's more, I've still half a mind to give you a good thrashing before I give you the cheque. There's just about time, and I shouldn't wonder if it did you good. You want some of the conceit taken out of you, my lad."

Hilliard seemed not to hear this. Again he fixed his eyes on the other's countenance.

"Do you say you are going to pay me four hundred pounds?" he asked slowly.

"Four hundred and thirty-six. You'll go to the devil with it, but that's no business of mine."

"There's just one thing I must tell you. If this is a joke, keep out of my way after you've played it out, that's all."

"It isn't a joke. And one thing I have to tell you. I reserve to myself the right of thrashing you, if I feel in the humour for it."

Hilliard gave a laugh, then threw himself back into the corner, and did not speak again until the train pulled up at New Street station.

II

An hour later he was at Old Square, waiting for the tram to Aston. Huge steam-driven vehicles came and went, whirling about the open space with monitory bell-clang. Amid a press of homeward-going workfolk, Hilliard clambered to a place on the top and lit his pipe. He did not look the same man who had waited gloomily at Dudley Port; his eyes gleamed with life; answering a remark addressed to him by a neighbour on the car, he spoke jovially.

No rain was falling, but the streets shone wet and muddy under lurid lamp-lights. Just above the house-tops appeared the full moon; a reddish disk, blurred athwart floating vapour. The car drove northward, speedily passing from the region of main streets and great edifices into a squalid district of factories and workshops and crowded by-ways. At Aston Church the young man alighted, and walked rapidly for five minutes, till he reached a row of small modern houses. Socially, they represented a step or two upwards in the gradation which, at Birmingham, begins with the numbered court and culminates in the mansions of Edgbaston.

He knocked at a door, and was answered by a girl, who nodded recognition.

"Mrs. Hilliard in? Just tell her I'm here."

There was a natural abruptness in his voice, but it had a kindly note, and a pleasant smile accompanied it. After a brief delay he received permission to go upstairs, where the door of a sitting-room stood open. Within was a young woman, slight, pale, and pretty, who showed something of embarrassment, though her face made him welcome.

"I expected you sooner."

"Business kept me back.—Well, little girl?"

The table was spread for tea, and at one end of it, on a high chair, sat a child of four years old. Hilliard kissed her, and stroked her curly hair, and talked with playful affection. This little girl was his niece, the child of his elder brother, who had died three years ago. The poorly furnished room and her own attire proved that Mrs. Hilliard had but narrow resources in her widowhood. Nor did she appear a woman of much courage; tears had thinned her cheeks, and her delicate hands had suffered noticeably from unwonted household work.

Hilliard remarked something unusual in her behaviour this evening. She was restless, and kept regarding him askance, as if in apprehension. A letter from her, in which she merely said she wished to speak to him, had summoned him hither from Dudley. As a rule, they saw each other but once a month.

"No bad news, I hope!" he remarked aside to her, as he took his place at the table.



Hilliard gazed and listened, then placed a copper in the wretch's extended palm.

"Oh, no. I'll tell you afterwards."

Very soon after the meal Mrs. Hilliard took the child away and put her to bed. During her absence the visitor sat brooding, a peculiar half-smile on his face. She came back, drew a chair up to the fire, but did not sit down.

"Well, what is it?" asked her brother-in-law, much as he might have spoken to the little girl.

"I have something very serious to talk about, Maurice."

"Have you? All right; go ahead."

"I—I am so very much afraid I shall offend you."

The young man laughed.

"Not very likely. I can take a good deal from you."

She stood with her hands on the back of the chair, and as he looked at her, Hilliard saw her pale cheeks grow warm.

"It'll seem very strange to you, Maurice."

"Nothing will seem strange after an adventure I've had this afternoon. You shall hear about it presently."

"Tell me your story first."

"That's like a woman. All right, I'll tell you. I met that scoundrel Dengate, and—he's paid me the money he owed my father."

"He has paid it? Oh! really?"

"See, here's a cheque, and I think it likely I can turn it into cash. The blackguard has been doing well at Liverpool. I'm not quite sure that I understand the reptile, but he seems to have given me this because I abused him. I hurt his vanity, and he couldn't resist the temptation to astonish me. He thinks I shall go about proclaiming him a noble fellow. Four hundred and thirty-six pounds; there it is."

He tossed the piece of paper into the air with boyish glee, and only just caught it as it was fluttering into the fire.

"Oh, be careful!" cried Mrs. Hilliard.

"I told him he was a scoundrel, and he began by threatening to thrash me. I'm very glad he didn't try. It was in the train, and I know very well I should have strangled him. It would have been awkward, you know."

"Oh, Maurice, how can you—?"

"Well, here's the money; and half of it is yours."

"Mine? Oh, no! After all you have given me. Besides, I shan't want it."

"How's that?"

Their eyes met. Hilliard again saw the flush in her cheeks, and began to guess its explanation. He looked puzzled, interested.

"Do I know him?" was his next inquiry.

"Should you think it very wrong of me?" She moved aside from the line of his gaze. "I couldn't imagine how you would take it."

"It all depends. Who is the man?"

Still shrinking towards a position where Hilliard could not easily observe her, the young widow told her story. She had consented to marry a man of whom her brother-in-law knew little but the name, one Ezra Marr; he was turned forty, a widower without children, and belonged to the class of small employers of labour known in Birmingham as "little masters." The contrast between such a man and Maurice Hilliard's brother was sufficiently pronounced; but the widow nervously did her best to show Ezra Marr in a favourable light.

"And then," she added after a pause, while Hilliard was reflecting, "I couldn't go on being a burden to you. How very few men would have done what you have—"

"Stop a minute. Is that the real reason? If so—"

Hurriedly she interposed.

"That was only one of the reasons—only one."

Hilliard knew very well that her marriage had not been entirely successful; it seemed to him very probable that with a husband of the artisan class, a vigorous and go-ahead fellow, she would be better mated than in the former instance. He felt sorry for his little niece, but there again sentiment doubtless conflicted with common-sense. A few more questions, and it became clear to him that he had no ground of resistance.

"Very well. Most likely you are doing a wise thing. And half this money is yours; you'll find it useful."

The discussion of this point was interrupted by a tap at the door. Mrs. Hilliard, after leaving the room for a moment, returned with rosy countenance.

"He is here," she murmured. "I thought I should like you to meet him this evening. Do you mind?"

Mr. Marr entered; a favourable specimen of his kind; strong, comely, frank of look and speech. Hilliard marvelled somewhat at his choice of the frail and timid little widow, and hoped that upon marriage would follow no repentance. A friendly conversation between the two men confirmed them in mutual good opinion. At length Mrs. Hilliard spoke of the offer of money made by her brother-in-law.

"I don't feel I've any right to it," she said, after explaining the circumstances. "You know what Maurice has done for me. I've always felt I was robbing him—"

"I wanted to say something about that," put in the bass-voiced Ezra. "I want to tell you, Mr. Hilliard, that you're a man I'm proud to know, and proud to shake hands with. And if my view goes for anything, Emily won't take a penny of what you're offering her. I should think it wrong and mean. It is about time—that's my way of thinking—that you looked after your own interests. Emily has no claim to a share in this money, and what's more, I don't wish her to take it."

"Very well," said Hilliard. "I tell you what we'll do. A couple of hundred pounds shall be put aside for the little girl. You can't make any objection to that."

The mother glanced doubtfully at her future husband, but Marr again spoke with emphasis.

"Yes, I do object. If you don't mind me saying it, I'm quite able to look after the little girl; and the fact is, I want her to grow up looking to me as her father, and getting all she has from me only. Of course, I mean nothing but what's friendly; but there it is; I'd rather Winnie didn't have the money."

This man was in the habit of speaking his mind; Hilliard understood that any insistence would only disturb the harmony of the occasion. He waved a hand, smiled good-naturedly, and said no more.

About nine o'clock he left the house and walked to Aston Church. While he stood there, waiting for the tram, a voice fell upon his ear that caused him to look round. Crouched by the entrance to the churchyard was a beggar in filthy rags, his face hideously bandaged, before him on the pavement a little heap of matchboxes; this creature kept uttering a meaningless sing-song, either idiot jabber, or calculated to excite attention and pity; it sounded something like "A-pah-pahky; pah-pahky; pah"; repeated a score of times, and resumed after a pause. Hilliard gazed and listened, then placed a copper in the wretch's extended palm, and turned away muttering, "What a cursed world!"

He was again on the tram-car before he observed that the full moon, risen into a sky now clear of grosser vapours, gleamed brilliant silver above the mean lights of earth. And round about it, in so vast a circumference that it was only detected by the wandering eye, spread a softly radiant halo. This vision did not long occupy his thoughts, but at intervals he again looked upward, to dream for a moment on the silvery splendour and on that wide halo dim-glimmering athwart the track of stars.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MISS BUSS.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Hundreds of "Old Girls" of the school that Miss Buss has conducted continuously ever since 1850 will regret to



Photo by Lambert, Camden Town.

THE LATE MISS FRANCES M. BUSS.

hear of her death, which took place on Dec. 23, her age being sixty-six. She was the daughter of an artist, and she and her mother had to face, when the girl was but about twenty, the problem of how women could earn a livelihood. It was then still traditional that a woman who needed employment should be a teacher, whether she had a gift for it or no; but, happily, Frances Buss had a decided gift for, and was imbued with the highest ideal of the possibilities of, educating her sex. The dry bones had hardly begun to stir in 1850 in the matter of women's education. It was still what Sydney Smith had called it a quarter of a century earlier—"a miserable, preposterous system, mis-called education." The whole of his essay in favour of a change in female education is excellent, but its arguments now serve chiefly to show us how low was the state of things against which that brilliant wit was generously directed. Miss Buss was not, however, in practice one of the very first promoters of the high-school plan of education for girls. Her school was placed on the basis that it has ever since occupied, and that has made it a considerable factor in improving the general level of girls' schools, in the year 1870. But it was in 1853 that the first girls' high school was opened, it being the institution that rapidly developed into Queen's College, and has grown to be chiefly used for young women. It was at first designed for younger girls, and it is not unimportant to note that the title of "Queen's" was given to that pioneer school by the special permission of our dear and noble Sovereign; that Princess Louise became one of the committee of the Girls' Public Day School Company on its formation in 1872; and that the Princess of Wales opened Miss Buss's new school buildings (we think in 1885). When the history of the progress of women in the Victorian era comes to be written, it will be felt to have been no small matter in advancing their efforts that Queen Victoria personally gave, and permitted her daughters to give, such early encouragement, sympathy, and aid to their cause.

Miss Buss, if not one of the pioneers in the front rank—the rank that always amongst reformers and innovators gets little but the jeers of the common mind and the mud of the roughs—at any rate was one of that next and very useful rank that comes along steadily to maintain the ground. She established the higher education of girls on a business basis. This is a most important matter. Philanthropy may aid, but can never maintain on an adequate scale, any great work such as this of providing education. Unless it had been proved that it was possible for the high schools for girls to be placed on a self-supporting basis, they must have dropped or been very limited in scope. Miss Buss was an admirable woman of business; all her arrangements were made to the best

advantage, and at the point at which she came to the front this was of the utmost importance. However, it was allowable to receive assistance from outside; the endowment of education has ever been felt a worthy object for expenditure, and donations to promote

learning to confer honour alike on the donor and the recipient, provided the latter profit suitably by the aid. Many of the great endowments of Oxford and Cambridge were the gift of women to men: Clare Hall was the gift to Cambridge of the heiress of the Earls of Clare; Sidney Sussex perpetuates in its name the memory of its founder, a Countess of Sussex; and Pembroke Hall was founded by a Countess of that name. "Queen's" of Cambridge owes its existence to Margaret of Anjou, and "Queen's" of Oxford is indebted to Queen Philippa and to Queen Henrietta Maria. Wadham was the gift of a woman of that name in memory of her husband, and numerous scholarships are also the foundation of female benefactors. Therefore, Miss Buss thought there was every justification for seeking the aid of men to found helps for her girls, and she did, in fact, obtain large benefactions for her new buildings and for scholarships from the Endowed Charities' Commissioners and the City Companies, the Clothworkers' Company being specially generous to the school. Miss Buss received probably the largest salary ever paid to a woman teacher. Her girls have done credit to this help, having from the very inception of public examinations for women been well to the front in honours, and making further progress after going from her to the Cambridge colleges. The good lady who has passed to her rest was, in fact, of great assistance to an important work. Her girls did love her, though they have passed down from one generation to another a wicked schoolgirl rhyme about her and the equally well-known mistress of Cheltenham Girls' School: "Miss Buss and Miss Beale Love's darts do not feel; They leave that to us—Poor Beale and poor Buss!"

The Lord Chief Justice, finding that the Guildhall sittings for hearing commercial cases have not been a success, has determined to hear such cases as are entered at the Guildhall at the beginning of next sittings in the Royal Courts of Justice. Probably, in the end, a special judge will be appointed to deal with commercial cases, and this seems to be the best solution of a difficulty which has again and again been described. Commercial men would appreciate a court in which delay would be avoided by a judge sitting from day to day, as it is usually vital that decisions should be recorded as soon as possible.

The list of missing persons to whom property has been left, which Mr. Sidney H. Preston annually sends to the *Times*, appeared on Dec. 28. Next-of-kin of John Ismay French, for instance, are informed that his estate of £147,734 is still unclaimed. The directors of the Scottish Widows' Fund remind persons who were once members, but have ceased to be so by lapse of their policies, that £15,000 is standing unclaimed. But it would be wrong to spoil the interest of such people as are always on the look-out for property otherwise than that described by one of Dickens's characters as "portable." At the same time one must caution everyone against the raising of hopes doomed too often to disappointment.

The Conservative party in Dundee are about to invite Mr. Edward Jenkins, who many years ago made a considerable reputation by "Ginx's Baby" and other books, to contest one of the seats at the general election. Mr. Jenkins had a meteoric political career, which greatly interested Lord Beaconsfield.

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Our lady Laureate—Christina Georgina Rossetti—has died with the dying year. She had been fading away for a long time, and the end came as placidly as she had lived. Sister of the poet-painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina was born Dec. 5, 1830. All the family of Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian refugee, have left their footprints on the sands of Time, but probably the fame of the youngest, Christina, will be the most lasting. Not only by her poetry, but also because she was her brother's model for his famous painting "The Girlhood of the Virgin," familiar to most frequenters of the National Gallery, will Miss Rossetti be long remembered. She inherited a passionate devotion for religion, which runs like a golden thread through her poetry, from her English mother, whom she cherished with filial love until her death eight years ago. Her first volume of poems was privately printed by her mother's father, whose taste was not at fault in honouring her efforts at the age of sixteen with the dignity of type. When the *Germ* appeared, in 1850, as the literary herald of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, she contributed under the pseudonym of "Ellen Alleyne." Almost simultaneously with the publication of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Last Poems," Christina Rossetti's first volume, "Goblin Market, and Other Poems," was published. It has met with growing appreciation, which its very unusual form and style fully deserve. Four years later came "The Prince's Progress," and in 1870 the exquisite volume entitled "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme-Book," made Miss Rossetti beloved by old and young. Since then her poetry has chiefly been concerned with sacred themes, which she treated with rare felicity, allowing free play to an imagination which was full of suggestion. Her mind dwelt more and more on another world, and she longed for the time when her soul would quit its frail tabernacle and "have all heaven beneath my feet." Such was the note of "Seek and Find," "Called to be Saints," and her other later books. With many people her "Speaking Likenesses" is a great favourite. In Dr. Nicoll's treasured "Songs of Rest" several of her choicest poems appear, and in that work Miss Rossetti displayed much interest.

There was an ecstasy about her poetry which sets her alone among the women poets of this century; she used the whole gamut of emotions with consummate skill, and while she could thrill us with the story of "A Royal Princess," she could turn aside to humour as refined as pathos. There was a wonderful rhythm about her religious verse. She would carry out an idea with a logical sequence which exhausted its possibilities. She was an ardent lover of nature, loving flowers and birds with a sympathy that was soon spelt into song. Utterly abhorrent of publicity, she dwelt quietly in her old home at 30, Torrington Square, tended by her friend and nurse, and cheered by the care of her brother, William Michael Rossetti, till the summons came.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The reader may not be aware that in some, though not in all, parts of the United States, a coroner's jury receives a fee, but only on the condition of their returning a verdict. One day twelve good men and true were summoned from a township to a farm many miles distant to inquire into the causes of the death of a labourer whose exit had been sudden and inexplicable. When the jury entered the kitchen they found the *corpse* in a sitting posture on the table where it had been laid supine. The man had been in a trance. So far so good; but the joy of the jury at one of their fellow-creatures having cheated Death was considerably marred by their prospect of going unrewarded. So, after a short deliberation they unanimously testified that it was a case of "Wilful resurrection while in a state of unsound mind."

More than thirty-four years have gone by since Francis II. of Naples fell into such a trance, but he never

son wondered that the people, having found the instruments worthless, attempted and finally succeeded in flinging them away and appealed to Providence (who is also the God of Battles, including Revolutions) to give them new tools. Tools, mind, not prayer-wheels, like they use still in the desert of Gobi and elsewhere among the Mongolian tribes. For Francis and his father were virtually nothing else; with this difference—that the son prayed in and out of season, and that the sire interrupted his orisons now and then to commit the most dastardly and sometimes the most ludicrous acts of petty tyranny on a people who, notwithstanding their chronic state of revolt, were most long-suffering. The reader is probably not acquainted with a most ingenuous book in Spanish entitled, "The History of the Thirty-Six Revolutions of that most loyal City, the City of Naples."

Nevertheless, Francis went on praying; his rooms were adorned with rosaries and scapularies and images of saints. He would flop on his knees in the middle of a conversation, while, in the guise of incense, his wife blew

especially of female apparel," shall be "hung out" along La Margellina "during the hours of the promenade." This was one of the first public acts of Francis the Second's reign. For subsequent acts, the reader curious in these matters had better "fish out" the dispatches of our Ambassador—Elliot, I believe it was—to Lord John Russell during the months of September and October 1839. I have no copies of these, and most of the contents has slipped my memory, but I fancy that there is some record of *les faits et gestes* of Ajossa, who had been deprived during the previous reign of his functions as Prefect of Salerno, on account of his brutality. Francis made him his Prefect of Police. Ajossa began by "shutting up" the printing works of Signor Brutus Fabbicatore, because his brother, Aristido, was suspected—mind, suspected only—of having had a share in the publication of *Il Piccolo Corriere di Napoli*. Aristido, having had a timely hint, escaped to Florence. Ajossa had Brutus arrested, though he discharged him immediately afterwards, but he ordered the printing works to remain closed until Brutus's brother should give himself up. Something like a hundred men were idle for a twelvemonth, for



THE TROUBLES IN MADAGASCAR: THE BATTERY AT AMBODINANDOHALO.

"attempted to sit up again," and as far as the world was concerned he was dead three decades and a half before he had ceased to live. And the world would have been content to leave him respectfully alone had it not been for Alphonse Daudet, who chose to take him as one of the two central figures of his "Rois en Exil." The great French novelist, who at the outset of his career hesitated to accept a secretaryship at the hands of Morny because he (Daudet) was a Legitimist, misused his talents to hold up to undeserved scorn and ridicule one of the last and most irreconcilable representatives of the theory of "the divine right of kings." For Francis II. of Naples, I repeat, deserved neither scorn nor ridicule. He was a bad king, but not a bad man, and his shortcomings as a ruler were not his own fault. They were the result of his education and of his surroundings. He belonged to a royal race whose inherent defect was mental immobility.

I have before me while I write two proclamations: that of Francis's father (Ferdinand II.) on his accession to the throne on Nov. 8, 1830; that of Francis himself, dated May 22, 1839. In both documents there is an explicit assertion that they (the father and the son) are but the instruments of Providence. And after that the father and

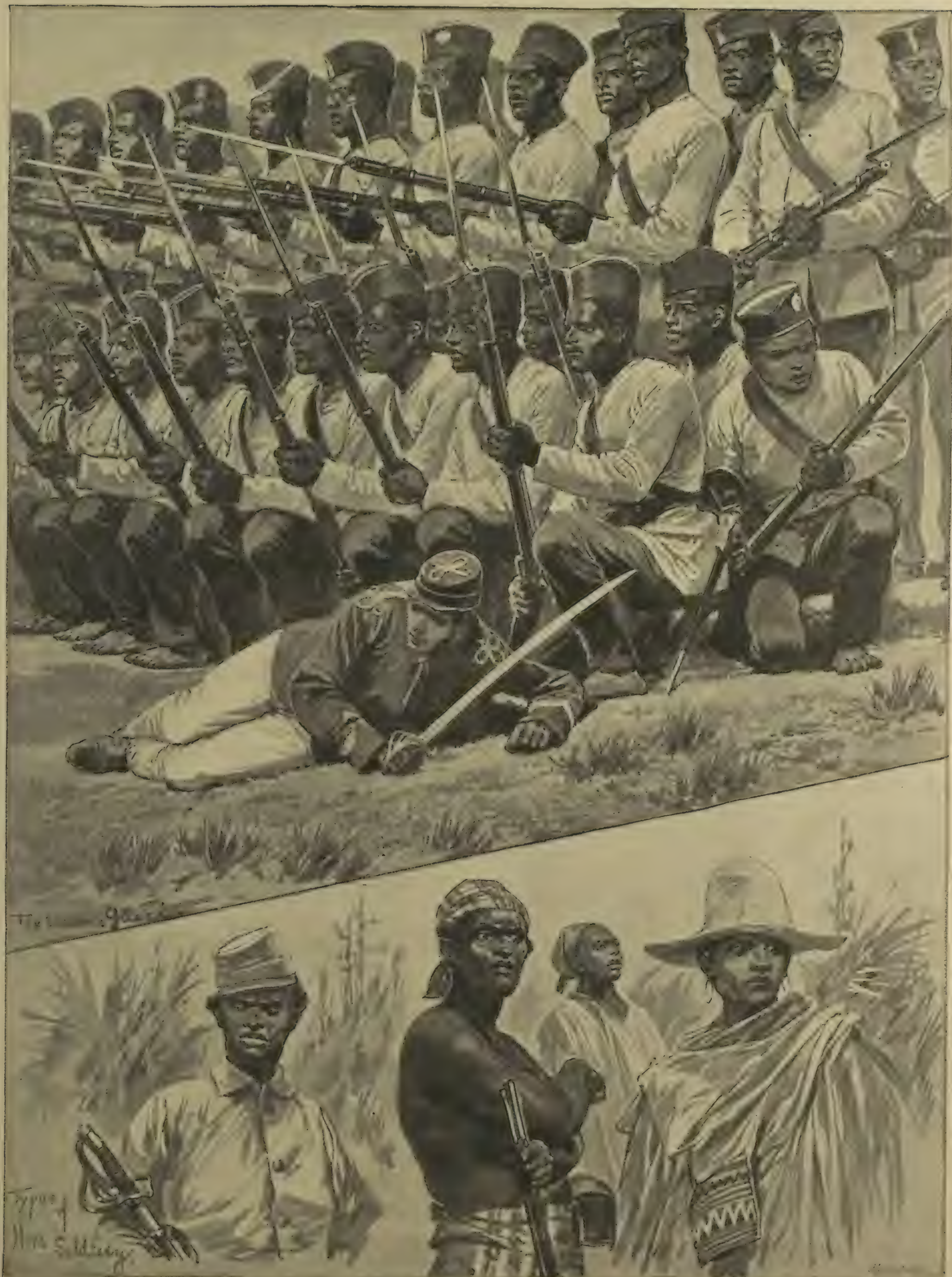
clouds of smoke from her cigarettes. Nay, so fond was Francis of praying that he would suffer no competition in that respect. Signor Troya, the last Minister of Ferdinand II., who had bequeathed him to his son, was dismissed because he prayed too much. There are depths of human folly which it is absolutely impossible to gauge, as, for instance, the conduct of the Swiss mercenaries who took service under Ferdinand for the purpose of stifling and suppressing any and every attempt of the Neapolitans to get a breath of freedom, but who would only fight against the oppressed under the colours of free Helvetia. When these colours were replaced by the Neapolitan and Bourbon standards they revolted. Years before Gambetta said that religion was an article of French exportation, these Swiss soldiers considered oppression an article of Swiss exportation.

The first decree of Signor Filangieri, who replaced Signor Troya, read like an excerpt from an extravaganza. I doubt whether Mr. Gilbert, even in his latest play, "His Excellency," invented anything better. The decree dealt principally with so-called sanitary reforms, the text concerning which I dare not reproduce here, and notably with the "hanging-out" of washed underlinen. "No linen,

work was not resumed until Francis had been driven out of Naples. Francis's mind was no doubt unsound; the only gleam of light in it was his consciousness that a resurrection would be tolerated by no jury, fee or no fee.

THE HOVA ARMY IN MADAGASCAR.

The Hova native kingdom, in the Imerina central region of the large island of Madagascar, will be forced, early in the spring of this year, to test its defensive military resources in conflict with a French army. Under the English officer lately commanding-in-chief there, General Willoughby, who is likely, it is said, to be succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel or General Shervington, this officer having arrived from Natal in November, the Hova troops have been organised, trained, and disciplined to respectable efficiency. Gliding barefoot through the dense forests and across the rugged hill-ranges of a country which has scarcely any roads and has its broad and deep rivers not furnished with practicable bridges, it is possible that the Hovas may, like the Japanese, display qualities of soldier-ship not to be despised. They have also some European field-artillery, not properly mounted, but capable of forming batteries at convenient points.



THE TROUBLES IN MADAGASCAR: TYPES OF NATIVE SOLDIERY.

ART NOTES.

VENETIAN ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The promise held out by the directors of the New Gallery to give the public some idea of the treasures of Venetian art to be found in this country has been adequately and even bountifully fulfilled. The term "Venetian" has been used in its widest sense, for, although we find no trace of the Ferrarese painters, those of Padua, of Verona and Vicenza, of Bergamo and Brescia—all once parts of Venetian territory—are represented. The distinguishing note of Venetian painting is its gorgeous colouring; for Venice, the meeting-place of Eastern and Western civilisation, would naturally find its taste disposed to rich costumes and ornaments. The Church of St. Mark, which had existed from the eleventh century, was further adorned with the priceless treasures brought to Venice after the capture of Constantinople in 1204, and the taste of the Venetians for rich colours had been further stimulated by the workers in mosaic, who carried on the traditions of their Greek predecessors. It was in Murano, too, not in the city of the Doges itself, that the first school of painting was established by the brothers Vivarini, of whose urchaic work there are one or two specimens. They were succeeded by the two Crivelli; but it was not until the art of painting in oils, brought from the Low Countries by Antonello da Messina, that the Venetian school was started on its career by the two Bellini. Of the earlier period some of the specimens are of great interest, if not always of exceeding beauty, such as the "Virgin and Child" (17) of Bartolommeo Montagna, the "St. Peter and St. John" (34) of Girolamo dai Libri, and the "Ecc Homo" (131) and the portrait of Hans Memling (59) by Antonello da Messina himself, the latter work having, it is said, been painted in return for the instruction Antonello received from the Flemish artist. Andrea Mantegna, who although he separated himself from his early home and set up his own school at Mantua, must as regards his training be regarded as belonging to Venice, is here represented by the "Adoration of the Magi" (22), lent by the Dowager Lady Ashburton, while the same lady contributes a superb example of Giovanni Bellini's work—"A Virgin and Child" (103). Slightly different versions of the same theme are lent by Dr. J. P. Richter (67), Mr. Ludwig Mond (79), and Mrs. Benson (107). Lord Rosebery also contributes a portrait of Doge Cristoforo Moro (63), by the same artist, which is full of character and very subdued in colour. To Vittore Carpaccio, to whom, perhaps, much of the realism of later Venetian painting is due, there are at least half-a-dozen attributed works, but it would be as hazardous to pronounce upon their claims to authenticity as to trace their influence upon contemporary painting. The great names of the golden age of Venetian art are Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Palma Vecchio, and Paolo Veronese. Of these there are several noteworthy examples, but at the same time many absences which all must deplore in such an exhibition as the present. Lord Malmesbury contributes Giorgione's "Judgment of Paris" (29), which might be almost regarded as a humorous pastoral, so out of place does the carefully clad youth look beside the competing goddesses, while to the same artist is attributed—but with even less reason—the portrait of the "Lady Professor of Bologna" (91) bringing us almost up to the present date, or wafting us back to the days of Portia and "The Merchant of Venice." More delicate in colour and treatment is the little gem lent by Sir E. Burne-Jones, "The Rape of Europa" (94), which might possibly challenge Signor Morelli's criticism, although he allows the "Shepherd with a Flute" (112) from Hampton Court, to pass as genuine. Titian is represented by a portrait of the Doge Grimani (124), which had been an heirloom in the family since it was originally painted, until twenty years ago; by a lovely "Mother and Child" (244), lent by Mr. L. Mond; and by the "Holy Family and St. Dorothea" (133), lent by the Glasgow Corporation; as well as by half-a-dozen or more works of less merit and interest. Tintoretto is not seen here to advantage, although there are nearly a score by him or attributed to him. Palma Vecchio is here represented by Mr. L. Mond's "Flora" (210), and Paolo Veronese by the small rendering of his

magnificent work in the Academia at Venice, "Christ at the House of Levi" (241). The glories of the Venetian school close with the names of Tiepolo, Canaletto, and Guardi, of whom the last named is worthily represented by a view of Venice (188), with the Dogana and Santa Maria della Salute gleaming through the silvery light. There are many other painters who deserve notice, but their works will speak better for them than any laudatory writing. Among such Lorenzo Lotto, Il Greco, Paris Bordone, and Moroni will take a prominent place.

It is not by pictures alone that Venetian art is represented at the New Gallery: furniture, armour, metal-work, bronzes, medals, lace and embroideries, glass, pottery and porcelain were objects on which much art and labour were expended, and in the production of which the Venetian workers attained a high degree of excellence. Of the phases through which lace-making passed—from the cut lace, or *punto tagliato*, of the fifteenth century to the Burano point of the eighteenth—a long chapter might be written; but the varieties can be better understood from the specimens collected. The glass-work, for the most part, shows traces of Eastern—perhaps of Persian—influence, which would have been left by the Greek workmen employed at Murano. The porcelain, however, is more specially interesting to us, because of the problem which it raises whether the Chelsea workmen taught the Venetians, or the Venetians brought their knowledge to Chelsea. Certain it is that the make, the decoration, the designs, and the marks of Chelsea and Venetian (or Nove) porcelain are practically undistinguishable even by the most adept; and the only ground for

studio, in which the painter works generally in the evening, especially when friends drop in or his family is gathered round him. As a rule, however, his larger pictures are painted in the garden studio, which, as the accompanying illustration shows, is a large, comfortable, but by no means ornate room. Round the workshop—for such it really is—are to be seen pictures in every stage of production—the first sketch, the worked-out scheme, the worrying after-thought. The story of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the legends which have crystallised round it seem just now to be foremost in Sir E. Burne-Jones's thoughts, but he has not yet finished with his myth of Perseus, or wholly given up painting Scriptural subjects, as is shown by the grand design for "The Nativity," now nearly completed.

To every Londoner the subject of cabs is important, and therefore the annual report of Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, appeals to all within and without the radius. Last year it appears that licenses were issued to 7193 two-wheeled hackney carriages and 3613 to those with four wheels. The new vehicles were of superior style, and testify to the great advance made in carriage-building. The number of licensed cabmen was 14,985, a total apparently in advance of our requirements, except on wet evenings! It will astonish many people to learn that only six cabmen were convicted during the year of over-charging, a fact which is a high tribute to the honesty of a very useful section of public servants. Only seventeen licenses, too, were suspended and fifty-seven revoked by magisterial order. No less than 957 Jehus are over sixty years of age; one cabbie is over eighty, the "Grand Old Man" of his profession; and 162 drivers are over seventy years of age.

What was really an "enore concert" was given by Mr. Percy Notcutt at Queen's Hall on Dec. 29. It is a pity that the nuisance of encores cannot be sternly suppressed; although on this occasion there was plenty of excuse in the excellent items on a very lengthy programme. Miss Trebelli, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Miss Meredith Elliott thoroughly deserved all the applause bestowed on their singing. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley represented the veterans of music; Miss Louise Nanney played violin solos with refinement; Madame Belle Cole was ill-suited in "The Better Land," but atoned for this in her subsequent singing.

An admirable innovation for such concerts was the recitation finely given in the interval by Mr. Alexander Watson. Others who contributed to the programme were Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Braxton Smith, and Miss Edith Hands.

Among those who might have been more nearly concerned in the Crewe accident was Sir Charles Hallé. He was, happily, only shaken and not injured by the collision. The veteran conductor received a specially cordial welcome at Manchester on Dec. 27, when he appeared at a concert. So great was the applause that it drew from Sir Charles a few heartfelt words in response. In the course of his brief speech he said that he would no more be able to forget the kindness of that night than the dreadful scenes he had witnessed at Crewe. In the first number of the *Strand Musical Magazine*, by the way, there is a capital self-revealing interview with the Hallés.

Preaching recently at All Saints, Margaret Street, on "The Classes and the Masses," the Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram complained that the classes had been allowed to draw together at one end of the town, and the masses altogether at the other. The result in the East End was a life-and-death struggle for a living and a state of mutual suspicion. Everyone was trying to do things a halfpenny less than his neighbour, the decrepit and the unskilled were thrown off by the organisations of labour, and though there was the workhouse, many preferred to die independent rather than live as paupers. He spoke of the overcrowding, the class bitterness, the tyranny of the drink traffic and of gambling, early marriages, and the paganism of the whole district. This paganism was not deliberate atheism, but perfect indifference. Religion was left outside life altogether.



SIR E. BURNE-JONES'S STUDIO.

supposing that the Venetians were the real originators of the peculiar paste and decoration is that the "Anchor" mark would seem to have more natural connection with the Queen of the Adriatic than with our riverside suburb.

There is also a small but interesting collection of manuscripts lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison, ranging from 1300 to the present century. Dandolo, Contarini, Foscari, Doges of the Republic, sign their names in more or less legible fashion, but Tasso, the poet, and Titian, the painter, have a handwriting which would put typewriters to the blush, so clear and distinct is every letter, and so perfect every word. Paolo Veronese writes to his friend Gandini telling him of a great fire then raging (Dec. 20, 1577) in the city, and threatening for a time the Duomo itself. Rosalba, the perfectress but not the inventress of pastel-work, (writes (1721) to Antoine Coypel to say she is sending her diploma work on election. Goldoni, the playwright, admits to his friend Vicini that he may be doing himself harm in bringing out so many editions of his works, and that strange adventurer, Casanova, writes quite a maudering letter of condolence to one of his patrons or dupes, Count Waldstein; but the letter is dated Briel, and this would excuse any depression of spirits on the part of the writer.

Although Sir E. Burne-Jones has devoted much time to rendering beautiful churches, houses, and public buildings, he has never been possessed of that desire to transform his studio into a luxurious lounge which seems to be the ambition of many successful artists. At The Grange, in Hammersmith, an old-fashioned house in a large garden, which has still escaped the sacrilegious hands of the "jerry-builder" and suburban-villa maker, everything in the studios is arranged with an eye to business. Attached to the house is the smaller or house

MR. R. L. STEVENSON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Our great national loss by the death of Mr. Stevenson is now an old story. It is said that there is no indispensable man; and, indeed, if Shakspeare had never written, the world would still be wagging on much as it does to-day. Mr. Stevenson did not hold his art too high; he regarded it as the source of a pleasure in which mankind could easily economise. The Muse, he said, was a kind of respectable *fille de joie*. Thus Thackeray and Scott also spoke: the latter preferred action to art; the former, exactly like Mr. Stevenson, laughed at the talk about the immunities and irresponsibilities of genius. A man's first charge is to be self-supporting; he must do his business by "pot-boilers" if he cannot live on vast masterpieces which nobody wants. These were Mr. Stevenson's theories about the profession in which he was a master, and he, in his natural unfeigned modesty, would have been the last to regard himself as indispensable.

So he thought, but so I and many others cannot think. We do not claim for him a place with the greatest in performance, but we do rank him among the dearest. His work, like that of Goldsmith, Scott, Charles Lamb, inspires affection, and I have met nothing more touching, nothing more loyal, than the deep personal regret of younger authors, who knew him only by his books, and in his correspondence. We feel, many feel, as if we could not do without him. We can do without any given person, because we must: this lesson Time teaches us from our youth—a hard lesson to learn. But all who write, and who came in touch with our friend, feel aged by this misfortune, feel that our peculiar world is poorer. It is a haunting loss which nothing can repair, and to excite this sense of loss is the lot of very few. Men felt thus when Scott, when Byron, when Dickens, and Leech, and Tennyson died. Mr. Stevenson spoke from the heart to the heart. The deliberate and *recherché* nature of his manner could not disguise this friendly and emotional character of his writings. All that he said, however daintily he said it, he had actually felt, and had, later, reflected upon, before he dressed up his thoughts and his feelings in that radiant attire of seemly words. He was the most charitable, tolerant, kindly of men, the most rich in sympathy for "all sorts and conditions." I think of people known to both of us, and how different, how infinitely more Christian (in fact) was his judgment than my own. To watch men and understand them thus, while infinitely sensible of the mockery of life, is to be a humorist. He was of the temper of Shakspeare and of Molière, of Scott and Fielding. These are great names, the greatest. I am not claiming for Mr. Stevenson a seat with them as warranted by his actual performance. But I am convinced that he was of their kind, and would by them be welcomed as one of their own. There are, doubtless, other English writers among us still of whom the same might be said, but perhaps none of them has been fortunate enough to make his quality visible and dear to so many readers. Mr. Stevenson, as compared with divers contemporary writers, could not be called "popular." Statistics illustrative of this have been published; one would rather not dwell on facts so far from creditable to readers of books. It is not, of course, that one wishes the other authors to be less read, but one regrets that Mr. Stevenson was not more read. It seems as if he gained the most eager welcome from his brethren in letters.

We are informed that "Virginibus Puerisque" "is in its seventh thousand," and who knows what ineptitude is

not in its fiftieth thousand! But I do not know what "thousand" the Essays of Elia are in, and there is no profit in this shopkeeping view of literature. Thackeray's "great stupid public" never really cared for the writer whom we loved most. This did not in any way depress Mr. Stevenson. In summer he wrote to me, delighted by the success of his "Edinburgh Edition." The little boy of the Edinburgh Academy had come to something, then; that was what he seemed to feel as a pleasing and unexpected novelty. All the praise which he had received (and of praise, fortunately, he had plenty) never exhilarated him half so much as the joy of appearing in an "Edinburgh Edition."

Since the wretched news from Samoa one has seen his novels spoken of as mere "stories of adventure." Well, as M. Jules Lemaitre has just been saying, the "Odyssey" is a mere story of adventure. It is a Greek "Monte Cristo," but then it is Greek, and it is by the twin genius of Shakspeare, by Homer. "There are distinctions." "Quentin

I admit it; I grant the absence of a certain solidity, which one knows is somehow deficient. The cause is probably to be sought in the unconquerable circumstances of health and environment. When we speak of a want of "body" in Mr. Stevenson's work, the figure is a reality. He lacked physical strength, health, endurance, and he lacked opportunity. Judging by his essay on his "First Book," lately published, he wrote his stories, at one time, as a journalist writes his column, to pay his butcher and baker. He aimed at *urceus—amphora exit*. A boy's tale in a boy's paper is intended, and a classic appears, but a classic modified and limited by the accidents of its birth and conception. With all his pains, he remained, as we must keep saying, a boy at heart, and a sick boy, too often confined to "the pleasant land of counterpane." No other great writer of fiction was hampered and handicapped and harassed like Mr. Stevenson. He could over-

come all that courage can master, but there are limits, and Fate was not wholly to be conquered. At least it is thus that I try to account for a certain lack of grasp, of largeness and solidity, which is, no doubt, the defect in his narratives. But put it otherwise, say that there was a height which he was not born to attain, a laurel beyond his reach. It may be so, but he did nearly (never quite) his best. "The men of the Merse can do no more." He gave us pleasure (I venture to say) in a higher and finer measure than any of his contemporaries, and, for one, I could bear it better that they should all cease writing than that he should be gone out of our sight and hearing.

BROWNING'S GRAVE IN THE ABBEY.

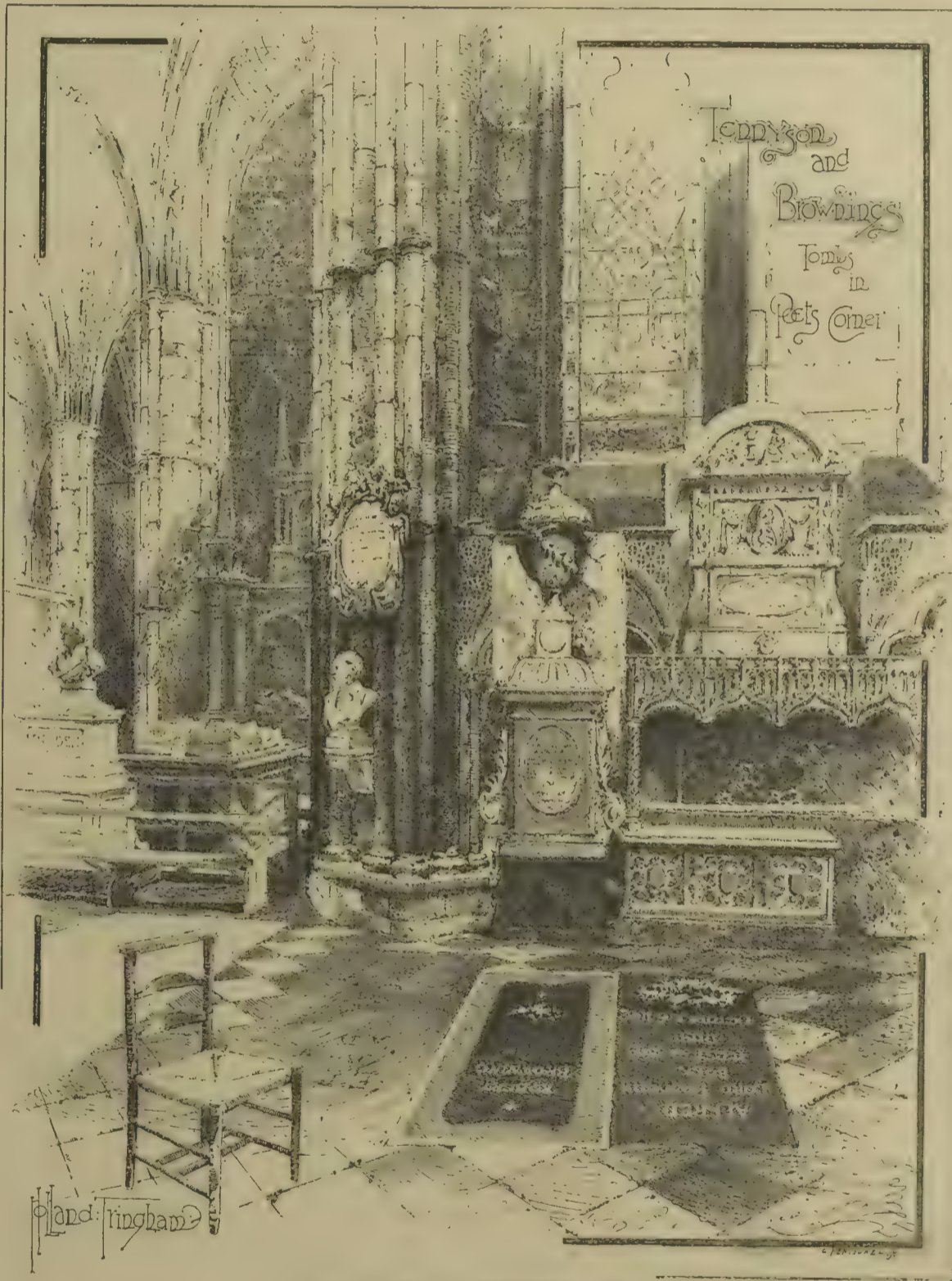
The two chief English poets of the reign of Queen Victoria, whose names will abide in literary history, may henceforth be recalled to mind by visible memorials, which are certainly not so conspicuous as those of some of their predecessors, in the southern aisle of Westminster Abbey. The tablet which has recently been placed on Robert Browning's grave is thus described by his son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning: "It is a simple slab of porphyry, set in Siena marble, with my father's name and the dates of his birth and death. At the top is the English rose and at the bottom is the giglio, or Florentine lily. These, as well as the letters, are of brass." As a mere tribute of personal and filial affection this may suffice; but, compared with the stately eulogies, in verse and in prose, of the eighteenth-century and earlier poets in their famous

"Corner," it shows the difference of modern taste. The tablet lies on the floor next to Tennyson's grave. The very simplicity of the inscription is a reflection of the character of Robert Browning, who in all things abhorred display. Perhaps, in due time, there will be a proposal to commemorate in Westminster the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson. If room could be found for such a national tribute to his fame, there would be no difficulty in selecting the epitaph, for the undying lines in which he declared—

Glad did I live, and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will,

would spring instantly to the recollection of any lover of Stevenson. In his courageous outlook upon life there is much in Stevenson's lovely poems which reminds one of Browning's clear ringing note, which bade despair change to hope. There is a delightful appropriateness in the companionship of Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson in their honours, lying side by side in the great Abbey. Differing in form and style of expression, they were one in optimism; he who could "greet the Unseen with a cheer" had a comrade in him who held it truth "that men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Durward," "Ivanhoe," "Waverley," are mere stories of adventure, but the adventures are those of human beings, and immortal. Among my misdeeds nobody will accuse me of indifference to adventure pure and simple, where the persons are not more essentially human than my friend Mr. Quaternain. But Mr. Stevenson's people, many of them, are as good and real as Scott's or Fielding's. In English fiction, since Thackeray died, I know no pair of characters more real to me than the Chevalier Bourke and Miss Grant, the Lord Advocate's daughter. And these are only a pair; *amo* John Silver, *amo* Pew, *amo* the Master of Ballantrae, *amo* Allan Breck, of course, and a score of others, Jim Pinkerton among them. If I am not wholly wrong, here was a writer who could create character, who could tell a tale—nobody denies that—who could paint a scene in words, who could make us laugh, who could have made us cry (but he never "wallowed in the pathetic"), and who, by universal agreement, could use language as clay in the hand of the potter.

What else was required to place the author with Thackeray and Fielding? Something else was required;



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: CHINESE TROOPS TRYING TO SAVE THEIR ARTILLERY,

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs.

LITERATURE.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. Two vols. Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. (London: Arnold.)—There are some hardy persons, unalarmed at the positive and superlative degrees of affirmation, who do not hesitate to say that letters, when they are good, are the very best form of literature. It is not necessary to take sides on this thesis, but it is certainly permissible to say that they will not find anything to stagger their belief in these "Letters" of Miss Edgeworth. I call them "letters" simply because, though there are extracts from the remarks of the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth, and though the whole is knit together by a very excellent and unobtrusive narrative—never in the way or out of the way—from the pen of Mr. Hare himself, for the greater part of the bulk, and a still greater part of the interest, of the book lies in the letters it contains. They are not quite new to print, having been privately printed a good many years ago; but they have never been published, except, I think (and this is under correction), by a few permitted extracts in Miss Zimmern's biography. The moving accident is not their trade as a rule; though Miss Edgeworth in her long life had some considerable experience even of that, and does not spare to tell it. The complicated household at Edgeworthstown (everybody who takes an interest in the Edgeworths may be supposed to be aware that the father of the family was one of the most married men on record, and that his frequent remarriages never introduced any discord into the family) was not very early incommenced by the invasions, insurrections, and other troubles of '98. But danger came at last, and was itself complicated. Mr. Edgeworth, as became his character, succeeded in rendering himself obnoxious to the rebels as a landlord, a Loyalist, and an officer of yeomanry, while he was very nearly as much disliked by the extreme ascendancy party. So that, after escaping rabblement by the insurgent forces, he had the pleasure of hearing that two hundred Loyalists in Longford had sworn to have his life. They had it not, however, and he lived to beget many more children, to devise many useless ingenuities, and to spoil his daughter's work as much as he could. Nevertheless, the man had the virtues of eighteenth-century character, including bravery; and after he had left his house on this occasion he galloped back to it with about ten chances to one of finding the rebels in possession, in which case it would have been the same odds on his own death, because he remembered he had left on his study table a list of yeomanry recruits which would probably expose the men named in it to rebel vengeance.

There is, however, not much in the book of this character; and most of it is occupied with very agreeable babblement about travels at home and abroad, about literary matters, and about the Edgeworths' friends and acquaintances. This latter was rather an unusually large and distinguished host, the social vogue which the father's philosophic eccentricities and the daughter's literary fame brought about being only a reinforcement to the hold the

anywhere without coming on something admirably readable.

For the truth is that while the people and the things and the places are often such as one cares to hear about, the way in which they are handled would make them interesting even if one did not care about them in the least. Miss Edgeworth, as we might partly but not wholly anticipate from her novels and stories, had that indefinable letter-writing gift which a few men and a somewhat larger number of women possess, and which would make an epistle about watergruel or about a broomstick as delightful as Miss Austen has already made the one subject and Dean Swift the other. I think I have seen in some daily paper a laudatory but apologetic deprecation of comparison with Madame de Sévigné. I do not quite agree with my daily brother, if, as Mr. Verdant Green says, he "will 'low me to call him so." Madame Sévigné is doubtless—Miss Austen always excepted—the greatest, as she is, perhaps without exception, the most charming, of all women who have written. But the quality of the letters here seems to me not distinguishable in kind from hers; though they no doubt fall short in volume, variety, piquancy of the language used, and many other quasi-accidental points. The fact is that a letter has the special epistolary grace—or it has not. These letters have it, and they have it without a particle of that over-elaboration—that eye to somebody else as a reader besides the ostensible recipient—which sometimes, let us not say mars, but does not exactly improve, the most famous epistolers, and which Momus has even dared to object to the divine Marie de Rabutin-Chantal herself. About Miss Edgeworth there is nothing of the "authoress," nothing of the "muse," nothing of pose or preparation. She tells everything as naturally as if she were sitting over the fire in her dressing-room with her sister or her cousin, or whosoever it be to whom she is writing, and with never a listener or a chance of reporting. This, when the matter is generally more or less interesting, and the manner always full of sense and breeding and good-humour, assures charming letters—and charming these letters assuredly are.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MR. WEDMORE'S NEW VOLUME.

English Episodes. By Frederick Wedmore. (Elkin Mathews. 1894.)—These stories have much of the delicacy of observation and leisurely charm which gave Mr. Wedmore's "Pastorals of France" and "Renunciations" so pleasant a distinction. A storyteller in the full-blooded sense he is not. Violent delights or fierce emotions of any kind have no attraction for him; but there is in his best work a subtle simplicity as of a piece of old lace kept in lavender, which makes rather a striking contrast to the cheap and gaudy calico in so much of our current fiction. There is nothing in these "Episodes," perhaps, so good as the romance of the humble chemist in an earlier volume. "The Vicar of Pimlico" seems just a little inconsequent. There is actuality in the Rev. A. Bradbury-Wells, who was once a soldier, and gives to the Church militant a certain chastened truculence which savours faintly of the barrack-room. There is a most attractive grace in Millicent Sergison, who will marry him if he says the word. He does not say it, for he is thirty years her senior, and he refuses her simple attachment just as he refuses a deanery, with a fastidious sense of duty. But the effect is rather overstrained and unreal. He tells her that love in his case would be "immediate indulgence" and "sanctioned selfishness"; at least, that is the apparent meaning of his letter of renunciation. "We part now. It may be that each of us is setting his feet only a little the earlier upon that way of loneliness which is the way of the soul." This is doubtless characteristic of the man, but it smacks of priggishness, and gives the reader a sense of relief for Millicent, without touching the Vicar's self-sacrifice with any glow of heroism. "Justice Wilkinshaw's Attentions," a tale of two swindlers who do not pay their hotel bill, has a humour which rises to irony in "The Fitting Obsequies." This is the legend of a watchmaker in Brixton who disappeared, and was supposed to have met with an accidental death by drowning, though total failure to find the body prevented an interment amidst the signs of local respect which had been laboriously prepared by a neighbour. Eventually the neighbour meets the watchmaker in the flesh in Camden Town. He has made other arrangements, and has a companion much younger than his disconsolate widow. "I seemed to myself to have got deadly tired of Mrs. Salting and the Surrey side," he explains. "Some people emigrate, but I hold emigration uncalled for. Don't pass as Joseph Salting any longer, of course. Name of Withers! Well, I must be moving." As a glimpse of a certain phase of London life, this is admirable. "Katherine in the Temple" is not so good. You feel that the story ought to have been told in the French manner. But that would not be Mr. Wedmore. L. F. AUSTIN.

A MERRY TRAVELLER.

A Ramble Round the Globe. By Thomas R. Dewar. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Thomas R. Dewar is surely one of the most light-hearted among the many who have "put a girdle round about the earth." It is impossible to be sufficiently grateful to the cold which he caught when fighting for the honours of the County Council in Marylebone in the year 1892. That he has returned with the robust health which "sniffs up the morning air" is evident from this merry record. No "testy sick man" could have written such a book. From the first page to the last it is spiced with light-hearted and humorous observations. Mr. Dewar treats all countries alike. New York is a fund of gaiety to him. He begins at the Customs and winds up with the policemen and the barbers' shops. All things provide him with stories. He has no reverence; he dares early in his work to question the incorruptibility of the incorruptible. And this on the authority of the people themselves. One would

have thought that of all things sacred the New York excise-man was the most sacred. Not so Mr. Dewar. He tells a story of an American who desired to get a very large number of trunks through the Custom House without being troubled by patriotic and financial worries. "Look here," said the traveller to a threatening Customs man, "I'm in a five-dollar hurry." "Guess I'm not," replied the officer. "But I'm in a ten-dollar hurry," continued the man. "Reckon you'll have to wait your turn, Mister," said the incorruptible. "I say, officer,"



A JINRICKSHA.

From "A Ramble Round the Globe" (Chatto and Windus).

shouted the fellow at last, "how would a twenty-dollar hurry do?" It is satisfactory to learn that the "twenty-dollar hurry" answered the best expectations—the trunks were chalked.

In this spirit the "globe-trotter" went through America. He found the worship of the dollar less aggressive in Boston than New York. For the Canadian Pacific he has much to say; he considers it the finest line in the world; but he objects to the American fashion of shooting men in trains, compelling as it does other men to get under the seats while the difficulty is settled. And he does not think the habit of calling every waiter "George Washington" to be entirely free from objection. These things, however, were forgotten when he reached San Francisco and set out for the Pacific. The delights of Honolulu move him to raptures; he found Samoa perfect, and the voyage thence to New Zealand entirely pleasant. If he was not so fortunate in the passage from Wellington to Hobart he could yet console himself with deck-quoits and the fascinating partners, of whose charms he does not fail to speak in rippling phrases. A similarly happy vein is to be remarked when he writes glowingly of girls in "rickshas" at Hong-Kong, and, being moved thereby to new efforts of humour, he contrives to come to Charing Cross long before he or his reader has known any fatigue of the ramble. The illustrations to the book are exceedingly numerous and remarkably funny.

MAX PEMBERTON.

THE MATCHMAKER.

The Matchmaker. By L. B. Walford. Author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Three vols. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—To those persons who talk, with alarm and ignorance for the most part, about "new women" and "revolving daughters," Mrs. Walford's new novel may be commended as useful reading. It does not, indeed, contain any mention of these strange genera; nor does it, under the promise of fiction, present the disappointed reader with pages of disquisition. It is, primarily, a story, and a well-told one. But the plan of the story involves the presentment of a household in which, without intentional unkindness or injustice, life is made simply intolerable for any daughter who should show herself other than a docile puppet. Few persons will be able to read of the rule of Lady Carnoustie without a desire of instigating her daughters to revolt. Any person who has once tasted of that subversive desire has become able to comprehend in some degree what it is that leads daughters to their so much discussed attitude of rebellion. Two of the daughters of Lady Carnoustie become mere vassals, dull, obedient, elderly children; the third, cut off by her prim and fussy parents from the chance of a suitable marriage, falls into a course of degrading dissimulation, involves herself in an unequal love affair, and comes to a tragic end. Contrasted with these daughters of a too autocratic mother, and differing equally from the dully docile and the deceitfully disobedient, is a young cousin, who has grown up under practically no elder dominion at all. Penelope, with her ease, her self-reliance, her universal friendliness, worldly knowledge, and clear perceptions, is a very breath of fresh air in the stagnation of Carnoustie Castle. Mrs. Walford is far too good an artist to draw comparisons or insist upon a moral; it is even impossible to be certain, as one reads, how far she really meant the lesson which may be read so plainly in her pages. It must, however, be a dull reader who can fail to reflect as he reads how far less are the dangers and how far greater the chances of happiness for a girl educated like Penelope East than for one educated like Mina Carnoustie. Reflections of this character are not easy to bring home to the persons who chiefly have need of them, and who for the most part are, like Lady Carnoustie, firmly principled against reading any book which they know to have a point of view unlike their own. "The Matchmaker," however, which preaches nothing and bears no revolutionary name on its title-page, may possibly penetrate to circles where the thoughts awakened by it may be both new and salutary—all the more because it is so thoroughly a novel, with no infusion of the tract.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.



DECK-QUOITS.

From "A Ramble Round the Globe" (Chatto and Windus).

family had on society in the best sense by their connections in Ireland, and by their relationship with the Abbé Edgeworth in Paris. Not a very great deal of additional light is here thrown on the odd episode of Maria's courtship by the Swede Edelerantz, whom she herself declares that she did not love, while her stepmother is rather officiously certain that she did. But a great deal is heard about a great many interesting persons and places whom or which the Edgeworth family frequented for the space of some fifty years; and it is hardly possible to open the book

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

The Right Rev. James Atlay, D.D., Bishop of Hereford, died Dec. 24. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Atlay, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became Fellow and Tutor. He was successively Vicar of Madingley, Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Vicar



The Rev. Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

of Leeds—a sure stepping-stone to the episcopal bench—and Canon of Ripon. He was consecrated Bishop of Hereford in 1863. His Lordship was seventy-seven years of age, and had latterly been in feeble health. His aim was to live peaceably with all men, and he was a good bishop rather than a great scholar or keen politician. Dr. Atlay was a familiar figure to frequenters of the Three Choirs Festival, and keenly enjoyed music. The Bishop of Rochester now takes his seat in the House of Peers.

LORD TREVOR.

The Right Hon. Arthur Edwin Hill Trevor, of Brynkinalt, in the county of Denbigh, first Baron Trevor, died Dec. 25. He was third son of the third Marquis of Downshire, K.P., and was born Nov. 4, 1819. He married, first, June 27, 1848, Mary Emily, eldest daughter of Sir R. Sutton, Bart.; and, secondly, April 15, 1858, the Hon. Mary Catherine Curzon, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Curzon. The robbery of Lady Trevor's jewels, valued at £35,000, was a sensational event in 1883. He represented county Down in Parliament from 1845 to 1880. In 1845 he was attached to the Viceregal Court, Dublin, as Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the Lord Lieutenant. He was created Baron Trevor, May 5, 1880. He is succeeded in the peerage by

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Is it legal to introduce the Apostles' Creed into Board Schools? The Act of 1870 forbids the use of formularies distinctive of any particular religious body. Is the Apostles' Creed such a formulary? Three members of the School Board at Rochford, in Essex, think that it is, and have appealed to the Education Department against the decision of a majority of the Board to introduce it into the schools. They say that if the Apostles' Creed may be legally used in Board Schools, the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds may be also legally used. It seems to be thought, however, that the Department will decide for the use of the Creed.

A useful letter has been written to the *Times* by the Principal of the Salisbury Diocesan Training College for Schoolmistresses, in which he suggests to the clergy that they should bring up their daughters not as governesses, but as teachers. He points out that the emoluments of teachers are much better than those of governesses, and that well-educated and well-trained young ladies may reach secure positions and very comfortable incomes. He is willing, if he can hear of a sufficient number who desire to enter the teaching profession, to try to open a special institution for their training; and he suggests £50 or £60 a year for three years as a sum for which a thorough education could be given.

Mr. Gladstone is preparing a Concordance of the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms under their various headings, and other information of a similar kind. It seems a waste of Mr. Gladstone's faculties to spend them in the mechanical work of preparing a Concordance—a thing which he cannot possibly do better than millions of others could do it.

The power of a quiet, industrious, consistent life has been shown by the regret manifested at the death of Bishop Atlay of Hereford. The Bishop was a man of no shining parts, and he made no contribution of importance to the literature of his profession, but he was benign and wise, and the peace and prosperity of the Church in his diocese are his best recommendation. He consented to the Public Worship Regulation Act, although, as a moderate High Churchman, he disliked the measure. It was stated in the *Times* that he refused to come up for an important division during the progress of the Bill through Parliament because his wife was giving a garden party on that particular afternoon.

A travelling correspondent of a contemporary says that in conversation with a tradesman in Amsterdam he asked about the sermons in the "Free Evangelical Church" which he attended. "We are having," he replied, "a course on George Eliot." In Aberdeen a minister is preaching sermons on the novels of the day, and delivered a homily the other Sunday evening on "A Yellow Aster."

Prebendary Stephens, the Dean-designate of Winchester, writes to say that he is not what is commonly understood by a "Broad Churchman." He has always been, and hopes always to be, a distinctly "High Churchman." At the same time, he can heartily sympathise with all who desire and endeavour to do good from sincerely Christian motives, and is always glad to work with them, provided that co-operation does not involve the surrender of any vital truth or principle.

The Roman Catholic population of America is given as 8,806,095. The parochial administration of the Roman dioceses there is almost entirely of a missionary character. There are very few permanent, irremovable rectors; the

educational work; and the Bishop of Peterborough, who is eminently competent to deal with such a subject, will speak of Laud's general position in relation to the English Church. An exhibition of manuscripts, pictures, and other objects of interest in connection with the Archbishop and his times will be held. The Lambeth Palace library will contribute volumes, with signatures and autographs, letters of Laud, and the famous tortoise which once belonged to him.

The *Times*, in an elaborate article on Dr. Pusey's life, takes an unfavourable view of Pusey's character, so far as straightforwardness and honesty are concerned. It thinks that in the controversy between Dr. Pusey and Dr. Hook Dr. Pusey did not come out well.

The Bishop of Ripon, who has been staying in the Riviera, is better, and hopes to return to his diocese about the middle of January.

Dr. Talbot, the Vicar of Leeds, will succeed Archdeacon Farrar as Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Dr. Farrar vacates his office on his appointment as one of the Deputy Clerks of the Closet to her Majesty. This office carries little or no emolument.

The Church Missionary Society, which is in a very flourishing state, has been taking a forward step. A thousand a year is to be spent in securing the entire services of two clergymen and one layman, who are to act as missionary deputations of a new type. They will seek not so much to give missionary information as to speak on the general duty of the Christian Church towards foreign missions.

Many newspapers have dealt with the article on the Evangelical movement by Mr. Gladstone, published in the *Evangelical Magazine* for January, as if it were a new production. It was published originally in the *British Quarterly Review* many years ago. The *British Quarterly Review* was then edited by the late Dr. Henry Allon.

A correspondent, writing of the late Dr. Scott, of Westminster School, says that he was the very soul of the Bournemouth Clerical Society. No member gave such invaluable help and information. His remarks were exceptionally instructive, and his hospitality to the society was never wanting. When Dr. Scott was at Bournemouth, an institution for the welfare of young shopwomen was in pecuniary difficulty. The committee applied to Dr. Scott for a loan of no less than £2500. He munificently gave them this sum.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS AT ADELAIDE.

The fortunes of the English cricketers in Australia are being followed with increasing interest, and they have proved to be full of that "glorious uncertainty" which makes the game so delightful. The picture of the Oval at Adelaide, with Mr. Stoddart's eleven fielding, ought to be regarded by Australians as a specially appropriate record of a match in which they gave the Englishmen plenty of work in the field. Lyons and Giffen are at the wickets. There was a remarkable display of enthusiasm on the part of the public, and £800 in gate-money was taken during the five sunny days in November when South Australia defeated the English eleven by six wickets. The Earl of Kintore, the Governor of the colony, was present daily in the charming grounds; while one reads that "it was an especial pleasure to see each day so many of the youth and beauty of Adelaide



Photo by Scott Barry, Adelaide.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA: THE ADELAIDE CRICKET OVAL (THE ENGLISH TEAM IN THE FIELD).

the eldest son by his first marriage, Arthur William, who is Lieutenant-Colonel in the 1st Life Guards, and was born Nov. 19, 1852.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was married to the tenth Baron Willoughby de Broke in 1867, on Dec. 21.

Eleanor, Lady Westbury, on Dec. 19.

Hon. Charles William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, brother of Earl Fitzwilliam, on Dec. 20, aged sixty-eight. He sat in Parliament as Liberal member for Malton from 1852 to 1885, and was at one time Master of the Fitzwilliam Foxhounds.

The Maharajah of Mysore, one of the chief tributary Princes of India, on Dec. 27.

clergy are directly subject to the order of the Bishop as to their sphere of labour. The Bishop says "March!" and they march.

Mr. Makepeace, one of the oldest of the lay clerks of Rochester Cathedral, has just completed half a century of service there.

Dr. W. H. Longhurst, now organist of Canterbury, has, as choir-boy, vicar-choral, and organist, been a member of the musical staff of the cathedral since 1828.

Arrangements are being made for the commemoration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the death of Archbishop Laud. Among those on the committee are Mr. A. C. Benson, the poet, and Professor Margoliouth, of Oxford. Professor Margoliouth is to lecture on Laud's

gracing the hard lines of the pavilions." At first thought the "hard lines" seemed more properly to belong to the contending teams, who could hardly have seen the youth and beauty, but one was reassured to read: "Nor were the ladies only there to see each other and be seen; they evinced a deep interest in the play, and were foremost in applauding a fine stroke or a brilliant piece of fielding." It may be worth while recalling the scores in one of the earliest matches played by the visiting eleven in "Greater Britain." The Englishmen scored 476 runs in their first innings, and 130 in their second; the South Australians made 383 in their first innings, and 226 for four wickets in their second innings. The later performances of Mr. Stoddart's eleven have shown that the Australians have little to learn in the game in order to beat the best English cricketers.



1. A visit to the kennels. 2. Hounds leaving the kennels. 3. Difficult to find. 4. A rest by the Moorish castle in the cork woods.
THE CALPE HUNT, AT GIBRALTAR.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT CHELFORD, NEAR CREWE.

Photographs by B. R. Leech, Macclesfield.

At Chelford, near Crewe, the well-known junction of the London and North-Western Railway main lines for Manchester and Liverpool, respectively, happened on Saturday, Dec. 22, as was stated in last week's "Home News," the grievous accident by which fourteen persons were killed and more than twice as many were badly hurt. Crewe is about thirty miles from Manchester, and is, with Stafford and Rugby, notable among passengers by express train on that line between Manchester, Liverpool, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, and London. Unluckily, at Chelford lay some goods traffic or trucks, which had been left empty on a siding, to be attached to an expected down train. There was an engine removing these trucks, uncoupled and one by one, from the siding to the main down line. While this was being done there was a violent north-west gale of wind. It may have set a truck in motion, which slipped off the siding, apparently skipped over the switches, called "traps," connected at their points with the trailing-rails to the down line, and got unobserved on the up line, perhaps a few moments only before the up express train was to pass—or perhaps at the very moment. If any man at the station saw it there was no time to give the alarm or to clear the line, which had been signalled at Stockport as clear. On came



SOME OF THE WRECKED CARRIAGES.

the train, at the rate of a mile in a minute, and the locomotive engine in front, striking the truck, fairly jumped over it, falling overturned beyond. The engine-driver—a wonderful escape—hurled off his platform over a hedge into a ploughed field, was only slightly bruised. His fireman was killed. The truck seems to have been tossed up into the air, and to have struck the pillars of the station, and then fallen behind the engine in the way of the following carriages. These, in the middle part of the train, were smashed. One carriage was turned over so as to stand on end, others piled on the truck. Some were "broken through by the carriages behind," says a witness, "causing both sides" (of the internal compartment) "to meet, and demolishing the roof." In one compartment a lady had both legs cut off, and died soon after being got out; a gentleman had both his legs broken in a compartment of another carriage, where his companions and a little girl with him were merely bruised or scratched. Thirteen corpses terribly mutilated, were found amidst the wreck, and a man died afterwards. There were sixteen passenger carriages, of which six kept the rails. The second engine, behind, was not very much damaged. The rear van guard had his ribs fractured, but for several hours laboured to aid the suffering passengers.



GENERAL VIEW.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. Thomas Oliver, F.R.C.P., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has forwarded to me a copy of a very interesting pamphlet, whereof he is the author, entitled "The Diet of Toil, and its Relations to Wages and Production." The pamphlet consists of an address delivered by Dr. Oliver at the recent Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Budapesth, part thereof being a reprint from the *Fortnightly Review* for October last. Dr. Oliver's topic presents both a scientific and a social side, and is therefore one of much importance to the wage-earning classes at the present time, when there is not too much money in their hands for the necessities of life. The first requisite for success in life, said Mr. Herbert Spencer, is to be "a fine animal"; and as this necessary condition for the full exercise of life's work and duties depends largely on our food, and on the perfection wherewith it is converted into ourselves and placed at the service of our bodies, we can readily realise how directly Dr. Oliver's topic bears upon the national welfare as well as our personal and individual interests.

I heartily wish this pamphlet in a cheap and serviceable form could be distributed broadcast among the masses. Will some rich philanthropist give Dr. Oliver the chance of so utilising his valuable remarks and views? Plenty of money is always forthcoming for political and religious ends. Will somebody with a long purse put his (or her) hand in his (or her) pocket, and dole out a few hundred pounds with an offer to have the substance of Dr. Oliver's brochure made available for the instruction of the working classes everywhere?—that is, if Dr. Oliver is willing and agreeable, as I opine he will be, to the wide announcement of his views and opinions. I am the more pleased to find this pamphlet before me, because it so happens that for the last thirteen years or so of my life, I have been mainly concerned with the distribution of knowledge of this kind to the working classes of Scotland. The lectures given under the auspices of the George Combe Trust, and delivered by me in the chief centres of population in the world, I would fain trust, have had some influence in bringing about more rational views regarding foods (among other points) than are usually entertained. When I think of the vast audiences at Greenock, for example, numbering over three thousand persons, which I had the honour to address during two successive courses, recently delivered, of eight lectures each, I may surely hope that some interest has been awakened in matters of vital moment pertaining to personal and public health. Dr. Oliver's views deserve greater publicity, I repeat, than they are likely to receive in their existing pamphlet form. Therefore, I urge their wider dissemination as a work of real benevolence to the masses.

Dr. Oliver reminds us that the working classes are everywhere purchasing food of a more delicate kind than that on which their forefathers subsisted. This is true, as everyone can bear witness who knows of the amount of tea, jams, jellies, tinned meats, and the like which every village store supplies. With this increased luxury there is more waste. Speaking of the wives of working men, Dr. Oliver says truly, "They don't know how to cook." There is also widespread ignorance on the subject of the nutritive values of foods, and Dr. Oliver is quite right to quote lentils—cheap and very nutritious—as an illustration of a form of diet practically neglected. He might have added, and with great force, that the same ignorance is responsible for the enormous consumption of tea under the idea that it is a sustaining food. Every physiologist knows it is only a food-adjunct and not in itself a food at all. If the masses were to replace their tea by cocoa, which is a true food, we should find a marked improvement in their general nutrition.

Very telling is Dr. Oliver's description of the dyspepsia met with among coal-miners, "due to the repeated alteration of the hours at which they take their food," and the same remark holds true of railway employes. Then we get dyspepsia among artisans, arising from the habit of bolting their food. They have only a limited time for dinner, and they do not masticate their meals properly, and the result that dyspepsia of a severe type is sooner or later generated. How valuable is the information on health topics which might be given to the masses after the fashion of our Combe Lectures, all may judge. Meanwhile, I say, let us begin in the school, and let us insist on some of the useless "extras" being cut out of the curriculum, and a sound knowledge of physiology and the laws of health imparted in their place. If we are to be "fine animals" we cannot do better than begin to train the animal when it is young in the way it should go.

Dr. Oliver has most laboriously collected a large number of data referring to the dietaries of various classes of toilers and moilers. On the whole, one is inclined to believe, after perusing his facts and figures, that, given strict economy and temperance, many, if not most, classes of artisans are not so badly off in the way of adequate diet as might be supposed. There is waste, no doubt, and there might be vast improvements effected here and there; but at least the possibilities of a fairly nutritious dietary are great, and would be much increased did the requisite knowledge of how to make the most of their food form part and parcel of the education of the people. But Dr. Oliver's general conclusion is "that, with few exceptions, the individuals are not taking in their food that excess of proteid or animal food necessary to maintain their nitrogenous equilibrium; also that poor people, when long underfed, become accommodated to a low minimum, and that health seems even for a time to be thus well maintained, although in many of the cases tabulated, when the nitrogen import was for a lengthened period at a minimum, the individuals, to my knowledge, subsequently became the subject of tubercular disease." This is a grave conclusion, and an all-important one, for it teaches us forcibly that only when the food is proportionate to the body's wants, when income balances output, and when the dietary bears a definite relation to the character of the work done, is health capable of being maintained. And health is wealth to everybody, but especially to the working man and woman.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MAX J MEYER (Kensington).—We always desire a diagram of any corrected position. Please send one before we decide.

D A LOMER (Buenos Ayres).—Your solution of No. 2638 is evidently meant to be correct, but a slight slip has made you put down an impossible move. We hope you will place all the others you mention to your credit.

H E KIDSON (Liverpool).—Kt to K 6th (double ch) affords the only solution we can discover to your problem, as there is none your own way in our diagram. Another version will be most acceptable.

S R BLOIS (Lure Estate, Tobago).—Your proposed solution of No. 2637 is wrong. The first move is 1. B to B 2nd, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2643 received from W E Thompson and J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2644 from A P (St. John, N.B.) and J V Faure (Courtrai, Belgium); of No. 2645 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J V Faure, G G (St. Ives, Cornwall), and Clatton-Brook; of No. 2646 from Emile Frau (Lyons), W E Thompson, H MacColl (Boulogne), J W Scott, Dal, Captain J A Challice, W David (Cardiff), T G (Ware), E Arthur (Exmouth), B B Foord, Charles Burnett, H S Brandreth, E J F B (Clifton), and Paul Ernert.

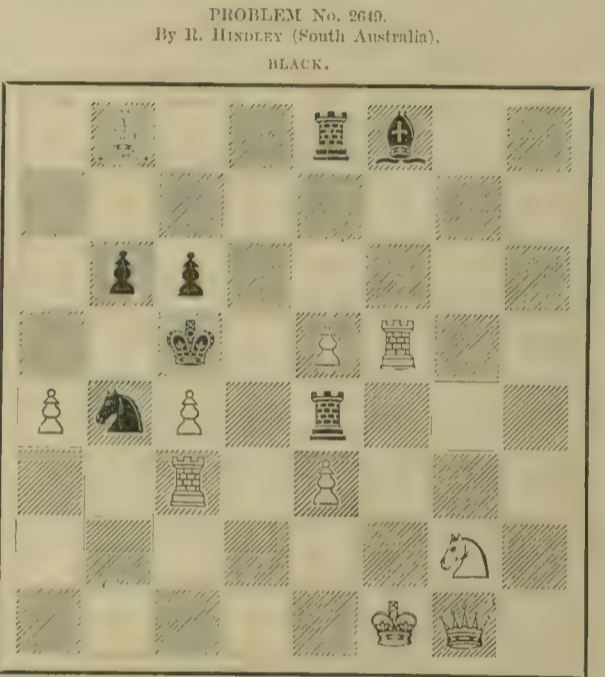
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2647 received from Charles Burnett, R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), H MacColl, Shadforth, W R Baillem, Sorrento, J Bailey (Newark), Ubique, E B Foord, J Hall, J Dixon, H N (Bournemouth), G Douglas Angus, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C D (Camberwell), S T, Henry B Byrnes (Torquay), A Newman, E Loudon, Edward J Sharpe, H S Brandreth, E E H, W David (Cardiff), F Lacey, J F Moon, Dr F St, J Coad, C E Perugini, Alpha, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dawn, F Andrews, J D Tucker (Leeds), and T Roberts.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2646.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE.
1. P to Q 5th
2. Q to K B 2nd
3. Mates.

BLACK.
K to Kt 5th
Any move

If Black play 1. P takes B, 2. Kt to K B 6th (ch), and if 1. P to K B 4th, 2. Q to B 2nd, and mates next move.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played in the City of London Chess Club tourney between
Messrs. T. PHYSICK and A. J. MAAS.
(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	To defend Q P, as P to B 4th was threat-	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	ened.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	33. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 2nd
4. Kt takes P	P to Kt 3rd	34. R to K sq	B to Kt 2nd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	35. Kt to Kt sq	B to B 3rd
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	36. Q R to K 2nd	R to Q 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	37. R to Q 2nd	B to Q 4th
8. Kt takes Kt		38. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 2nd
By this White obtains the worst of the		39. Kt to Q sq	Q to R 4th
opening. P to B 3rd might have been safely		40. P to B 3rd	K to Kt sq
played.		41. P to Kt 4th	Q to R 5th
8. B to Q 3rd	P takes Kt	42. Kt to K 3rd	Q to R 6th
9. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 5th	43. R to B 2nd	P to Q 4th
10. B to K 4th	B to B 3rd	44. R to Q sq	P to R 4th
11. B to R 4th	B to K R 3rd	45. P takes P	Q takes P (at R
12. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	4th)	
13. B to B 4th		46. R to K sq	Q to R 5th
Sheer loss of time. He might have		47. P to Kt 4th	
castled; and if Kt takes B, retake with			
P, and consolidate his centre.		Altogether in strange contrast to the	
		cautious style of play hitherto adopted.	
13. Q takes Kt	Kt takes B	This rashness goes far towards the loss of	
14. Castles	B to Q 2nd	the game, but White has been contending	
15. Q to K 2nd	Q to B sq	with difficulties for some time.	
16. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to Q Kt sq	47. P takes P	R takes P
17. P to Q Kt 3rd	K to B 2nd	48. P takes P	Q takes B P
18. Q R to Q sq	B to Kt 2nd	49. P takes P	P to Kt 4th
19. Q to K 3rd	P to K R 4th	50. R to B 2nd	Q to R 5th
20. P to B 4th	R to Kt 2nd	51. R to K Kt 2nd	
21. P to K R 3rd		Losing the exchange and the game. The	
Some evidence should have been made		finish is the most vigorous part of a some-	
to break Black's centre Pawns, and for		what heavy but very carefully played	
this purpose P to K 5th might have been		game on both sides.	
tried. If either P takes P, P retakes, and		51. B to R 4th	B to R 4th
if B to Kt 5th, P takes B P, etc.		52. Q R to Q 2nd	B to B 6th
21. B to R 3rd	B to R 3rd	53. K to Kt sq	B takes R
22. Q to Q 3rd	K to Kt 2nd	54. R takes B	Q to K 5th
23. Q to B 3rd	B to K sq	55. Q to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd
24. Kt to K 2nd	B to B 2nd	56. R to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 8th
25. Q to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	57. K to B 2nd	Q to B 5th (ch)
26. B to Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd	58. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q 5th
27. P to Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th	59. P takes P	B takes P
28. R to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	60. R to B 3rd	Q to K 5th
29. K to R sq	B to Q 4th	61. B to B 2nd	R to Kt 7th
30. R to Q 2nd	B to R 3rd	62. Q to B sq	P to Kt 5th
31. P takes P	P takes P	63. Kt takes P	Q takes Kt (ch)
32. Q to Q 3rd	R to Q sq	64. K to B sq	R takes B (ch)
		65. R takes R	B takes R

White resigns.

Mr. Ruskin and "The Knights and Kings of Chess."—The following extracts are taken from a letter written to the author of the foregoing work, lately noticed in this column: "Mr. Ruskin regrets that he is himself unable to write and thank you for your delightful book on chess. You have provided all chess-lovers with a rich treat, and amongst them are none more grateful than Mr. Ruskin, who sends his best thanks. The Blackburne and Bird sketches are especially charming."

A match by cable is being arranged between the Manhattan Chess Club, of New York, and the British Chess Club. Beyond the sensational element of telegraphy, however, there is little to interest the public, as the English players can be by no means representative, looking at the place the British club occupies with its contests with metropolitan rivals.

The Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., who has been visiting the Ameer of Afghanistan, did not forget his Lancashire friends, but sent a letter of Christmas greetings to Sir William Forwood, as the chairman of the Unionist party for the Southport division, which he represents in Parliament. In this genial epistle, Mr. Curzon says that he is in no peril, and hopes to be back in time for the re-assembling of Parliament. The Ameer has treated Mr. Curzon "with the greatest hospitality and distinction."

SAMOA AND ITS POLITICS.

Just lately most eyes have been directed towards Samoa, since from Samoa came the sad news of Robert Louis Stevenson's death. For some time, however, there have been many reasons why interest should be felt in this lovely quarter of the globe. The group of islands which lie, far from civilisation, in the Pacific Ocean, and which we speak of under the generic name of Samoa—pronounced Sahnöör—are, in their small way, a very hotbed of political intrigue. The prize over which the different chiefs continue to wrangle is the title of King of Samoa, the Tupu of Samoa. The island of Upölu, though not so large as Savaii, is the scene of the disturbance, and the town of Apia—pronounced Apcear—is its centre. In Upölu there are five principalities under the sway of the chiefs of Malietoa, Nafanua, Tamasoalii, Aana, and Atua. These chiefs are elected by the natives, according to their own customs. Laupepa, the present king, has thus been elected chief of the first three provinces named; Tamasese is chief of Aana; and Mataafa was chief of Atua when, claiming the title of king, he was defeated by the followers of Laupepa and deposed from his chieftainship. Laupepa—or, as he is generally termed, Malietoa, from the name of the chief province in the island—has been by European interference first deposed and deported to Bremen, in Germany, and then reinstated as king. Mataafa, at one time held that position, and Tamasese, the new Pretender, is the son of a former king, who also was first established and then deposed by European influence. Tamasese, the son, is now the only rival to Malietoa, and though he took the part of the king against the rebellious Mataafa, he has now advanced his own claims to that high-sounding office. In reality, if he only knew it, it is better to be Chief of Aana than King of Samoa. The titular king has no practical power beyond what he would have had as chief of a province or provinces. As a chief he is supported by his province, and opposed by the chiefs of the other provinces. As a king he may issue proclamations and summon parliaments, but the province of which he is chief will be the only one to obey him. Tamasese pays no more attention to the edicts of Malietoa than did Mataafa. The only practical advantage which Malietoa has over his rival is that he is paid a monthly allowance of seventy-five dollars, which comes to something like £200 a year. This munificent sum is derived from taxes which are paid by Malietoa's own followers. Tamasese is supposed to contribute, but in general he omits to do so. All his spare money, which is not much, goes to the missionaries.

Malietoa the submissive, the patient, and the sweet-tempered, has not so much pomp and splendour about his kingship that another chief should envy him. His "palace," or Samoan house, is by no means exceptional in size or grandeur; while his retinue is so mean that he shrinks from public observation and lives very much the life of a prisoner in the Mulinu quarter of Apia. It was at Apia that Stevenson lived and died; one of his last letters spoke of the booming guns, which reminded him of the warfare then in progress. The harbour of Apia is in shape like a horseshoe, on the western side of which projects a narrow tongue of land guarded at its entrance by sentries. This is the royal quarter of Mulinu, where live the two European dignitaries, the Chief Justice and the President of the Council, and Malietoa-Nafanua-Tamasoalii Laupepa, King of Samoa. As you pass here of a hot afternoon on your miserable broken-down Samoan pony, you may see Laupepa sitting in his house with his wife as sole attendant. If you express a desire to photograph the royal abode, your native interpreter will explain that his Majesty would rather be spared the shame.

Now, Tamasese need have no uncomfortable feelings of this kind. His chief village of Lufilufi, situated on the coast about twelve miles from Apia, is a highly picturesque spot too seldom visited by Europeans. It is best reached in a rowing-boat, as the road is bad for a horse and difficult even on foot. If you take a European boat, you will want half-a-dozen strong rowers and a steersman well acquainted with the reefs, in the inside of which he will take you whenever possible, in order to avoid the heavy rollers of the Pacific. Arrived at Lufilufi, Tamasese, a tall, well-made, pleasant-looking young man, will greet you with a hearty shake of the hand and a courteous "Ta lofa" or "Welcome." As his conversation is not extensive, and you would not understand any but the simplest remarks, he will repeat the words "Ta lofa" several times, with expressive smiles of welcome, and perhaps may throw his arm round your neck. He is probably reeking with cocoanut oil, in your honour, so it is perhaps as well that he has not acquired the habit of kissing. He will escort you to his house—of which he is not ashamed—where you will be greeted by quiet, respectful "Ta lofas" from the princesses of the household, sitting cross-legged in a row before you. They will not be over-burdened with clothing, as the modern European regulation that the breast must be covered has no force beyond the capital of Apia. If you watch them—as they will certainly persistently watch you—you will observe that they are chewing, an operation which you will subsequently discover is, in outlying districts, still practised in the preparation of the national drink of "kava." It is made from a root, and is a refreshing drink, though its taste is like a mixture of ink and soap. In a hot climate the slight tonic of kava is very acceptable. Your dinner will consist of prawns of so pronounced a character that, regardless of etiquette, you insist on their being immediately removed; roast pigeons, shot by Tamasese on the previous day, roast pig, with taro and yams for bread and potatoes. After dinner you will be treated to a "siva," or dance, by the maid of the village, and by ten o'clock you have had a bath in the river and are asleep on the floor with a mosquito-curtain over you. Next day there will be further picnics, and before you leave you will wonder how Tamasese can wish to exchange his life of rural bliss for the empty, contemptible existence of the King of Samoa.

Drawn by A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.



"Come on Brown; don't give in, my boy; let's finish the race."

BROWN (who has suddenly pulled up, coughing): "Can't, my dear fellow; this mist makes me cough, and I have forgotten to bring my box of Géraudel's Pastilles with me."

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Act by Inhalation and Absorption DIRECTLY upon the Respiratory Organs for

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Much Preferable to Pills, Potions, and Syrups, &c., which only irritate the Stomach without reaching the seat of the Disease.

THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience.

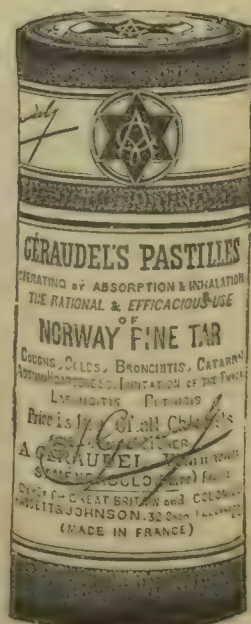
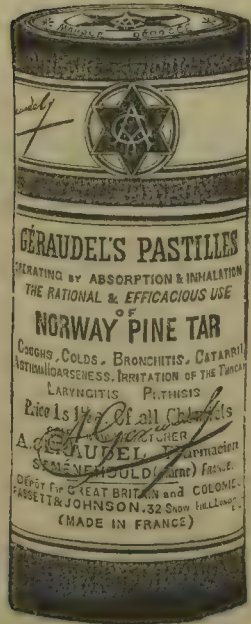
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1889) of the Right Hon. Thomas, second Baron Denman, of Stoney Middleton, Derbyshire, who died on Aug. 9 at Berwick-on-Tweed, was proved on Dec. 24 by Joseph Babington Macaulay, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator bequeaths the gold box and silver inkstand presented to his father by the City of London to his relative who may succeed him in the title, as heirlooms; and the two pictures of Sir Edmund Anderson and one of Sir John Anderson to his brother the Hon. Mr. Justice Denman, in life, and then to his brother the Hon. and Rev. Lewis William Denman, whom failing, to the heirs and assigns of the survivor of them. The residue of his estate and effects, heritable and movable, real and personal, he gives to his wife, Marion, Lady Denman.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1887) of Dame Elizabeth Cooke Mellor, widow of the Right Hon. Sir John Mellor, of 16, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Dec. 24 by the Right Hon. John William Mellor, Q.C., James Robert Mellor, and Francis Hamilton Mellor, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7658. The testatrix appoints the trust funds under her marriage settlement to her eight sons; and bequeaths the golden vase presented to her late husband and herself on their golden wedding to her son John William. The residue of her estate she gives to her daughter Catherine.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1893) of Mr. John Henderson, of 2, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on Dec. 24 by Robert Heale Gamlen, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £182,000. The testator bequeaths £16,000 to his goddaughter Henrietta Constance Myers; £10,000 to Madame Jeanne Claude, of Berlin; £8000 to Donald Fraser; £5000 each to William Henry Myers and his housekeeper Mary Ann Busk; £4000 to his cousin Mrs. Watson; £3000 each to George William Wood, his godson Alard Du Bois Raymond, his nephew Everard P. S. Henderson, and his cousins Mrs. Whytlaw and Mrs. Williamson; £1000 each to his executor, Mrs. Farrar, and his cousins Mrs. Jessie Clark and Mrs. Georgina L. Clark; £500 to the Scottish Corporation, Fleet Street; and some other legacies. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to such of his said five cousins Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Whytlaw, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Jessie Clark, and Mrs. Georgina L. Clark—as shall be living at his death, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 8, 1887) of Mr. William Jeeves, of Bancroft, Hitchin, Herts, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Dec. 21 by Miss Emma Elizabeth Selina Allborn and Richard Soul, jun., the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £90,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants; and there are specific devises of some houses, cottages, and lands to Emma Elizabeth Selina Allborn.

Ada Delia Allborn, and Olive Janet Allborn. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves in trust for such of the three last-named persons as shall be living at his decease, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1891), of the Rev. Jacob Joseph Marsham, J.P., of Shorne, Kent, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Dec. 22 by Robert Henry Bullock Marsham, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator gives his property, real and personal, at Shorne to his nephew Fitzroy D. Maclean; his real property situate at St. Kitts to his nephew Robert H. B. Marshall; and pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He appoints his nieces, Louisa M. Nevill, Emily Maclean, and Fanny Hood, residuary legatees.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1893), with two codicils (dated Aug. 13 and Sept. 29, 1894), of Mr. Arthur Fane Hobhouse, of The Whim, Weybridge, Surrey, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Dec. 17 by Sir Charles Parry Hobhouse, Bart., the brother, and James Fox, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator, after giving various legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, executors, and servants, leaves the residue of his property, whether real or personal, upon trust for his brother, Sir Charles Parry Hobhouse, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1889) of Mrs. Caroline Carey, of 17, Belgrave Road, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 14 by Walter Carey, the son, and Francis Charles le Marchant, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix leaves £7171 to her son Denis, and the rest of her property is to be equally divided between her sons Denis and Walter.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1892) of Mr. Edward Johnson, J.P., M.P. for Exeter, 1880-85, of Farringdon House, near Exeter, and of Old Ferry House, 5, Chelsea Embankment, who died on Nov. 2 at Algiers, was proved on Dec. 21, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives such of his horses, carriages, live and dead stock, growing crops, furniture, and effects to his wife Mrs. Léonie Johnson, as she may select; and £500 per annum during the life of his wife, upon trust, at the discretion of his trustees, for his son, Edward Pellier Johnson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to pay £300 per annum to his sister-in-law, Mathilde Chevillot, for life. The ultimate residue he leaves in trust for the maintenance and support of his son, his wife, and children.

The will (dated March 16, 1891) of Mr. William Nugent Smyth, of Kyme Lodge, Tadcaster, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 18 by Mrs. Catherine Isabel Smyth, the widow, Arthur Nugent Smyth, the son, and Richard Phillott Smyth, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths his plate to his wife for life, and then

to his son, Arthur Nugent; all his plated articles, furniture, effects, horses, and carriages, and £1000 to his wife; £1000 to his brother Richard Phillott Smyth; and £500 to his nephew William St. John Smyth. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds to his son; and one third upon trust for his daughter Gertrude Catherine.

The will of Mr. Francis Sherard Chichester, of Hurstbourne Prior, in the county of Southampton, who died on Nov. 4 at Torre, Devon, was proved on Dec. 17 by Captain Joseph Chichester and Philip Charles Chichester, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9872.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Annie Hooton Murray, of 16, Bryanston Square, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Dec. 12 by Francis Jeffrey Bell, Professor of Comparative Anatomy at King's College, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7228.

The will of Mr. Thomas Bush Saunders, J.P., of The Priory, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Dec. 21 by Miss Emily Maria Saunders, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1316.

No orders of admission are now required for the Sunday afternoon service at the Temple Church. With the exception of the seats reserved for the Bench and the Bar, the church is thrown open to all who wish to attend.

No war correspondents are to be allowed to accompany the French expedition in Madagascar, as General Mercier says he cannot guarantee their safety. Evidently the General expects warm work in his dealings with the Hovas, although reports seemed at first to point to a tame submission.

Cricketers will not need a recommendation to John Wisden's famous Almanack (John Wisden and Co.), which has made its thirty-second annual appearance. For one shilling one can possess himself of the full scores, bowling analyses, and descriptions of all the important matches played in the past year. Mr. Sydney H. Pardon has edited the book with his usual care, and there are portraits of that paragon of sport, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. A. C. McLaren, W. Brockwell, J. T. Brown, and T. Hayward, who have all made their mark in the records of the last season.

There have been two or three attempts lately at robbery of mail-carts, happily without success. A father and son have been committed for trial on a charge of attempting to stop the mail near Hastings. The driver beat off the men with the butt—or as Americans would say, the “business”—end of his whip. The letters bound for Sandringham House were also in danger just prior to Christmas, the driver of the mail-cart being suddenly lassoed. He fortunately managed to free himself, and the royal circle were not deprived of any portion of their correspondence.



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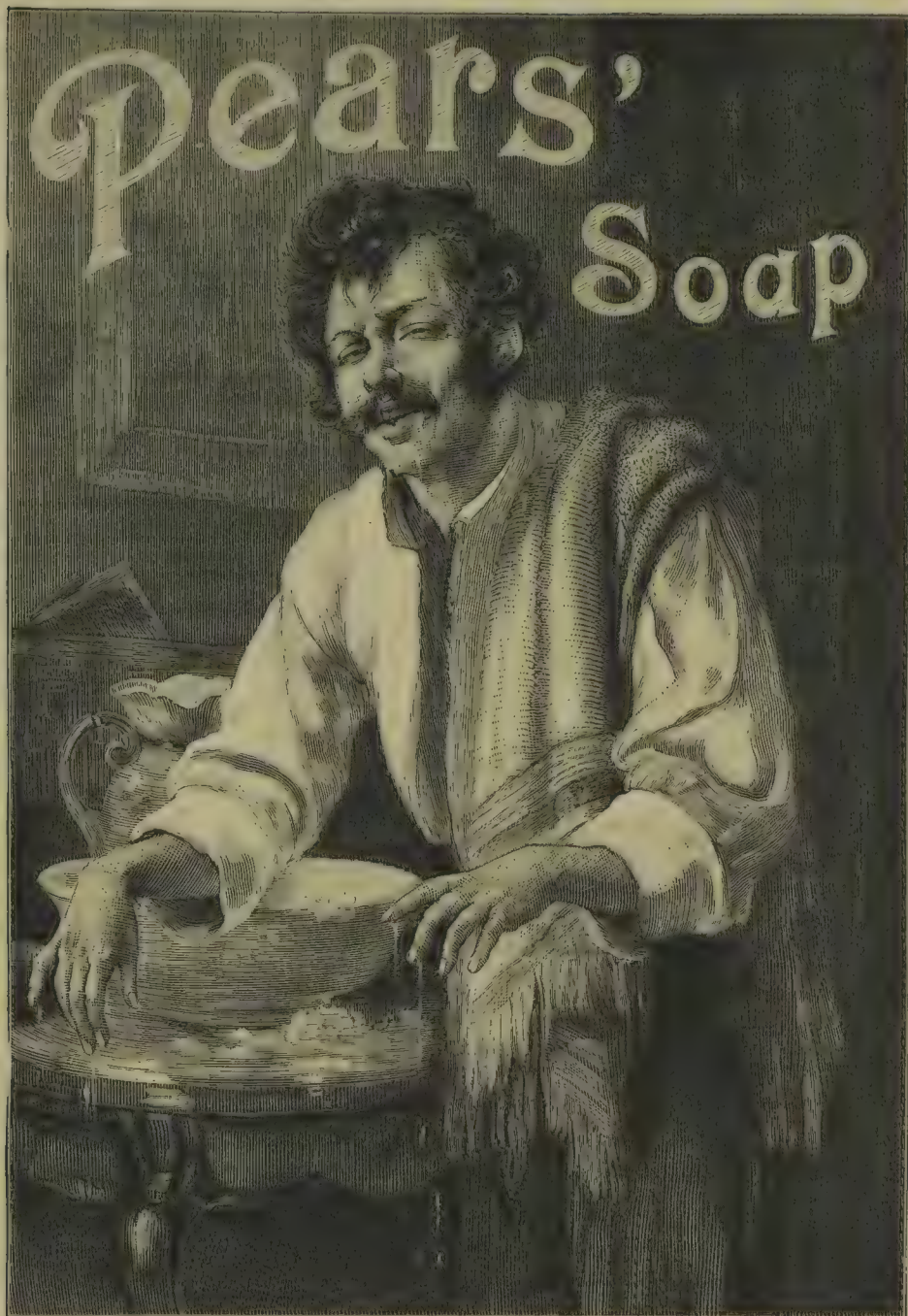
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ANCIENT EGYPT.

Life in Ancient Egypt. Described by Adolf Erman. Translated by H. M. Tirard. With 400 illustrations in the text and eleven plates. (Macmillan and Co.)—The charm that gathers round Egypt is perennial. Marvel and mystery invest it ever, and the silence of its Sphinx seems to typify what has baffled, and threatens always to baffle, many a question. Even in this latest attempt to bring the old life in the Nile valley before us the picture remains indistinct in certain features, and, as the learned author adds, "we can scarcely hope to fill in all the particulars." Among the unsettled points is the not unimportant one of the origin of the Egyptians. Dr. Budge has little doubt that they were a Caucasian race who brought a high civilisation with them from their Asian home. But Dr. Erman thinks that they were indigenous to Africa. Perhaps the truth lies in the mean, in the advent of a superior people which imposed its civilisation and language upon Libyan aborigines. Dr. Erman exhibits the caution of the *savant* throughout, and is wisely unobtrusive of theories in a book designed to present results in a popular form. But his treatment of the most fascinating side of Egyptian life, its religion, seems to us inadequate. It is true that much remains indefinite, but it is also true that further clearance of the matter will come only through the anthropological method of research. For the popular deities of Egypt represent survivals of the totemistic stage in which men believed in their descent from animals, and placed these on a higher plane than themselves. Therein lies the explanation of the deification and worship of the calf Apis, of the crocodile, the cat, and, strangest of all as it appears at first sight, the common dung-beetle. This insect deposits its eggs in lumps of manure which it buries in the earth, and when the larvæ are hatched they feed on the savoury provision of the thoughtful parent. The Egyptians were not skilled entomologists; they saw the dung-beetles rolling the pellets about and then burying them in holes, but they did not know that the manure-ball contained an egg, and they thought that the beetle was spontaneously developed from the dung. Hence that insect became sacred, an emblem of self-creation and of the resurrection, and symbolic of, if not actually identified with, the rising sun. The fact that it emerged from the

ball after twenty-eight days, or the time of conjunction of sun and moon, appeared to be further proof of celestial origin. Models of it, known as scarabs, either plain or inscribed with characters, were worn as charms and amulets by the living, and buried as symbols of resurrection with the dead, the sacred beetle itself being sometimes placed in the tomb. The Pharaohs associated their names and dignities with it; its effigy, often with outspread wings, was sculptured on the face of obelisks, tombs, and temples; and the creature itself, crushed and mixed with oil, was swallowed as an antidote to witchcraft. The prominence accorded it squares with Dr. Erman's remarks on the honour and worship paid to the local gods as compared with that paid to the national gods. This has its parallel to-day in India in the supersession of Brahma by the village godlings, with whom the people feel in nearer touch; and in Catholic countries in the practical deification of saints and the Virgin as lending an ear to prayers which otherwise may not reach the throne of the Eternal.

But we must not let a too interesting department of old Egyptian life beguile us from what can be only brief reference to the large field covered by Dr. Erman's attractive book. While in some respects, notably in the illustrations, Sir Gardner Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" will never be surpassed, the very large additions which have been made to our knowledge since it appeared warrant the presentment of the subject up to date. And this the volume under notice fully accomplishes. Its well-equipped author is the director of the Egyptian section of the Berlin Museum, and it is through the application of such time as he could spare from official duties that the preparation of the book has been made possible. The oft-repeated description of Egypt as the "gift of the Nile" is followed by a chapter on its political history, the rarely broken sequence of which makes narration easy. In connection with this, the absence of any reference on monuments or papyri to the Israelites, and therefore to the Exodus, is remarkable, although in the mass of material still unearched or undeciphered some corroborative record of so prominent a tradition may yet be found.

Death, which sweeps us all away, has preserved the records of the past as nought else has done. And this is mainly because, from barbarians upwards, wherever any care for the departed was shown, the tomb has been

modelled on the house of the living, and furnished accordingly with utensils, food, and drink. As Maspero says, "the Sarcophagus is in truth the house of the deceased," and so it is that in Egypt, while the inscriptions and pictures on its temple walls deal with the ritual and worship of the gods, or merely record the benefactions and exploits of self-glorifying monarchs, its tombs are decorated with the biographies and doings of the occupants in their lifetime, and filled with objects used in their outdoor and indoor employments. The serious and the frivolous are alike depicted in those haunts of silence: we follow the craftsmen at their ordinary tasks, the idle at their ordinary pleasures; and we feel with Dr. Erman that these glimpses into the old world "dissipate the false notion that the men of the last two centuries are different from those of the more ancient past." Where the difference is manifest it is cheerily obvious in the slow effacement of the social distinctions and inequalities which the past accepted as inevitable in the nature of things, and which has caused the miserable lot of the fellaheen to remain without amelioration for at least five thousand years. Over them no tomb, with its pardonable exaggerations of the virtues of the dead, was raised; they were buried uncoffined in the desert sand, which to-day mingles its choking dust with theirs. That the book does not read like a translation is the best proof of what skill and sympathy Mrs. Tirard has brought to her task, while the text is, moreover, admirably supplemented by the woodcuts. E. C.

Perfume as a gift is always acceptable, especially to ladies, provided the kind be good. A firm whose goods can be always relied on is Messrs. Atkinson, of Old Bond Street, who have a long-established reputation for the delicacy and lasting character of their scents. A special perfume is the "White Rose," one of the most delicate of scents that a lady can possibly carry about with her. The Duchess of York has described this as "a charming scent." It is put up in plain bottles at as low a price as two shillings, and the finest of large cut bottles can also be had for gifts. A special case for a present contains three handsome bottles of "White Rose" for twelve shillings, and a more dainty gift at the price cannot be found.

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THE NAVAL STOREHOUSE OF HENRY VIII. AT DEPTFORD.

The interior of the refrigerating-room of a cattle market is not at the first mention suggestive of antiquities connected with the early naval history of England. Still, within the refrigerating-room at Deptford Foreign Cattle Market is to be found a beautiful little brick window. Mutilated, alas! in many of its details, having been subjected to fire among other things, nevertheless the carved stones beneath have fortunately escaped damage. The inscription runs—

A° X. H. R. 1513

(Anno Christi, Henricus Rex, 1513.)

How Deptford Dockyard came to be closed and a part of its site sold is modern history, and need not be recapitulated. But facts as to its earlier existence and building are less familiar to the general public. Pursuing the wise naval policy which was bequeathed to him by his father, Henry VIII. in 1513 built storehouses in various places, Deptford among the number. A grant, dated Jan. 12, 1514, appoints John Hopton, Gentleman Usher of the Chamber, as keeper of the "King's new storehouses" at Brith and Deptford, for supplying the King's ships. It is

important to notice that the storehouses were new (in another document they are called *newly built*), for a tradition which holds to the present day; but which is ill-founded, asserts that the buildings formed part of an old monastery.

Now, in no book can any trace of a religious house on this site be discovered. Dugdale mentions it not, nor does any other antiquary of repute. The tradition, however, given merely as such, finds a place in the latest edition of Hasted's Kent. The very date, 1513, is in itself an argument against such an idea, for Henry VIII. at that time was about the last man in Europe likely to seize on Church property for conversion into a Naval Storehouse. Thanks to the kind suggestion of Mr. C. H. Coote, of the Map Department in the British Museum, I referred to a beautiful manuscript of drawings and plans relating to the royal dockyards. This book was executed in 1698, and from it the "Great Storehouse" of Henry VIII. can be perfectly identified. The building, though modified, exists still, and it is in its walls that the only two remaining rubbed brick windows are to be found. Originally, the high-pitched roof terminated in pinnacled gables. The face of the east gable was pierced by a four-light window, above which in the brickwork was a diamond-shaped panel surmounted by a cross. In the outer wall, not far from the smaller of the windows, a diamond and a saltier occur

side by side in glazed brick. The small window, though plain compared with the other, is worth notice from the fact that its bars are original, and, in my opinion, some, if not all, of the glazing and leading.

Looking through the "Letters and Papers of Henry VIII." and the earlier volumes of the Calendar of State Papers, a good many items of information can be gleaned as to the early storekeepers at Deptford, and, indeed, now and then facts transpire with regard to the buildings themselves. For instance, two hanging locks were supplied to the storehouse on Sept. 6, 1514, at a small cost. Later a "Platt Lock" for the middle door is entered at 20d., and a "portall lock" for the hall-door at 2s. Four loads of elm timber, at 2s. 8d. per load, were supplied on Oct. 2, 1520, towards the construction of "2 new sheds in the yard on the north side of the storehouse at Depford, for the King's iron and brass guns." John Hopton, the first storekeeper, held office until 1523, when he was succeeded by William Gonson. It is curious to note that in July 1526, Ann, widow of John Hopton, "late comptroller of the navy and keeper of the newly built storehouses at Ereth and Depford and of the storehouse at Portemouth," has to obtain pardon and release for complicity in certain evil deeds of her late husband. Both Gonson and Hopton were valued public servants, and their

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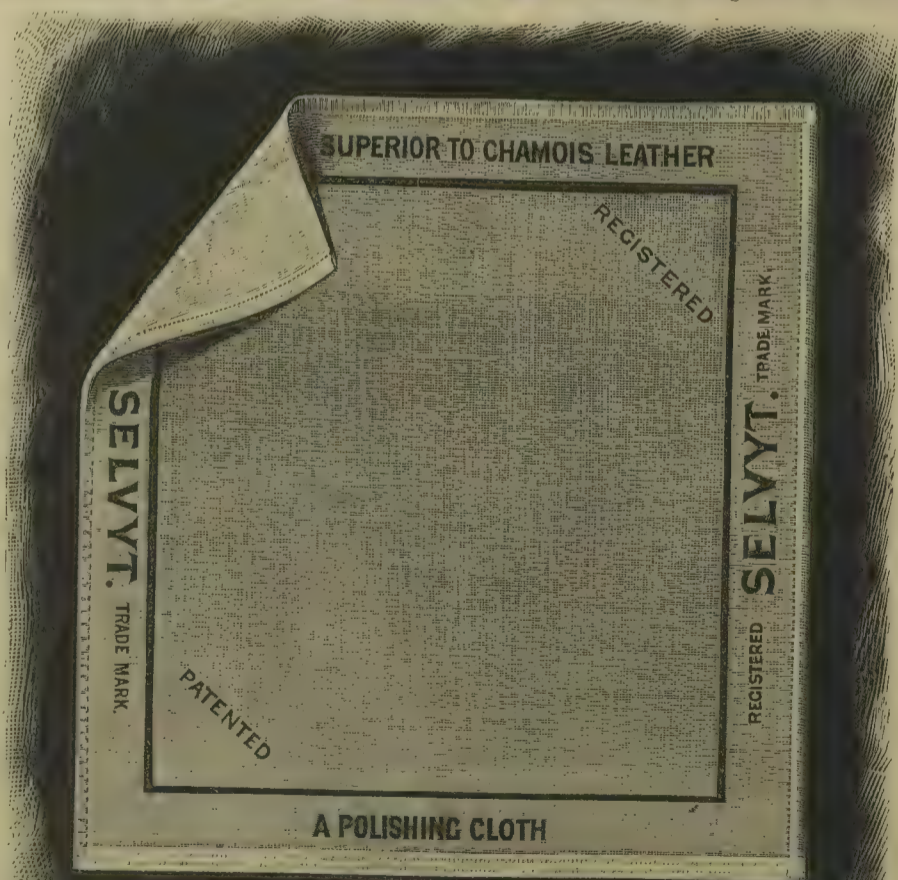
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names are constantly to be met with in papers referring to naval matters. Gonson was originally a merchant and large shipowner—curiously enough, naming his vessels after members of his family—Mary, Nicholas, Vincent, etc., Gonson. In 1513 he commanded the *Katherine Fortileza*, a royal ship of 700 tons. Ten years later he succeeded Hopton as keeper of the storehouses at Erith and Deptford. In 1527 he became a Teller of the Exchequer. In 1529 he was raised to the rank of Admiral, and commanded his own ship, the *Mary Gonson*. The following year Gonson received the grant in tail male of the reversion of the Manor of Frutewell, alias Fritwell, in Oxon, and, like his predecessor, found it needful also to obtain pardon and release for all matters prior to Dec. 30 in the seventeenth year of King Henry VIII. This pardon is curious, for Gonson is described as "Gentleman Usher of the Chamber, alias of Depfordestrand, Kent, merchant, alias purveyor of stores therein." The fact is that irregularities occurred, and storekeepers grew wealthy apace; hence, on retirement, a pardon was not infrequently applied for. The last appointment held by Gonson was that of Treasurer of Marine Causes. To him succeeded Henry Gilman, of whom no facts seem to be obtainable. He was a storekeeper—nothing more. Gilman was holding his office in 1575, for in that year a certain Christopher Baker obtained a grant for life of the office of "clerk and keeper of stores and storehouses at Deptford Strand, Chatham, Portsmouth, and

elsewhere, in reversion after the death or surrender of Henry Gilman. Baker held office in 1594, during which year he managed to get a grant of survivorship in favour of a relative who was to succeed him. The annual fee attached to the office was then £26 13s. 4d.; £6 was allowed for boat-hire, and 2s. 6d. per diem for diet.

I have not referred to the connection which existed between the Guild of the Trinity and the Deptford storehouse; but almost immediately after the foundation and establishment of the Deptford Dockyard and Storehouse—namely, in 1520, the superintendence thereof was placed under the direct control of the Guild. Readers hardly need to be reminded that this Guild of the most glorious Trinity of Deptford Strand survives to the present day in the Corporation of the Trinity House. That Hopton, Gonson, Gilman, and Baker were all members of the Guild may well be assumed—the two first were certainly both royal pilots, and to be a royal pilot was then, as now, a privilege of the brethren of the Guild. Of Gilman and Baker less is known, but in face of the fact that the superintendence of the stores, etc., at Deptford, was placed in the hands of the Trinity House, it is most reasonable to expect to find the storekeepers members of that fraternity. Unfortunately, owing to fires in 1666 and 1714, documentary evidence on this point is lacking. Until a short time since the window of the refrigerating-room was covered in by boarding for the purpose of

protecting it from damage. The woodwork has now been removed, but it is to be hoped that no harm will befall this most interesting relic of antiquity. A. B.

The son of Lady Henry Somerset is spending the winter in the United States, and is engaged in writing a book on his experiences in Hudson Bay Territory. If the young man possesses any of the literary accomplishments of his mother, the volume should prove interesting.

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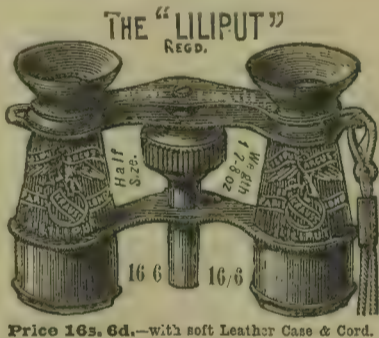
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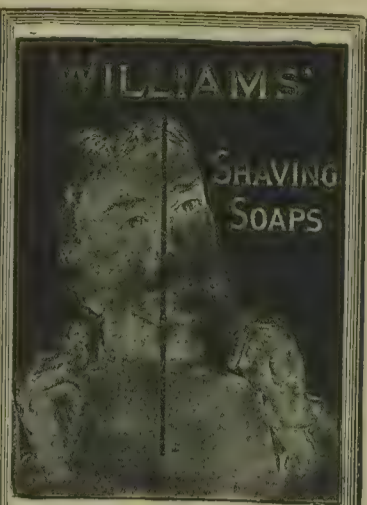
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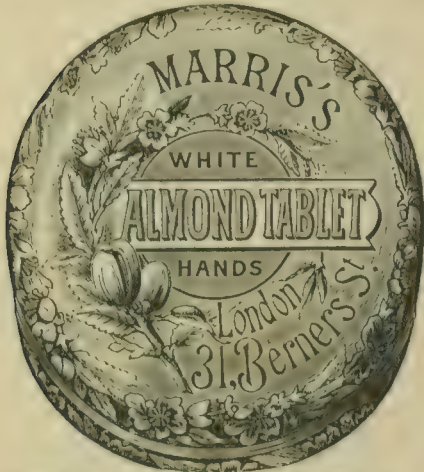
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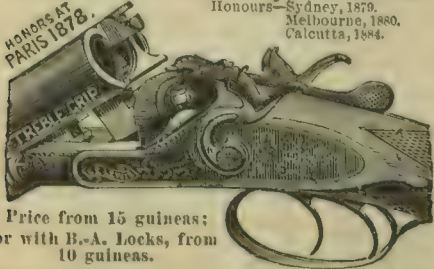
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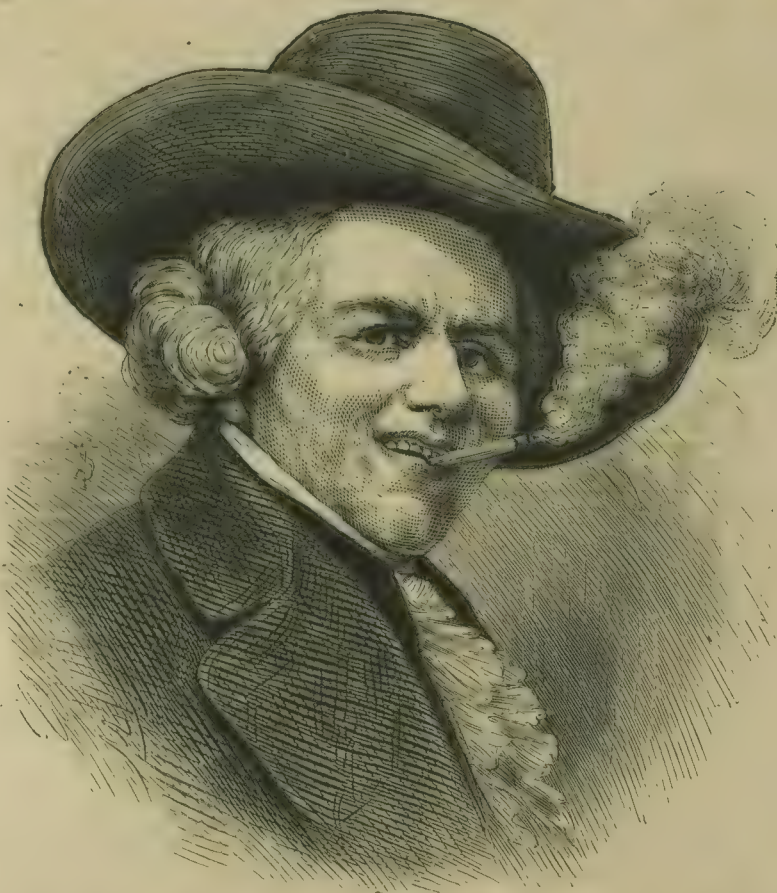


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